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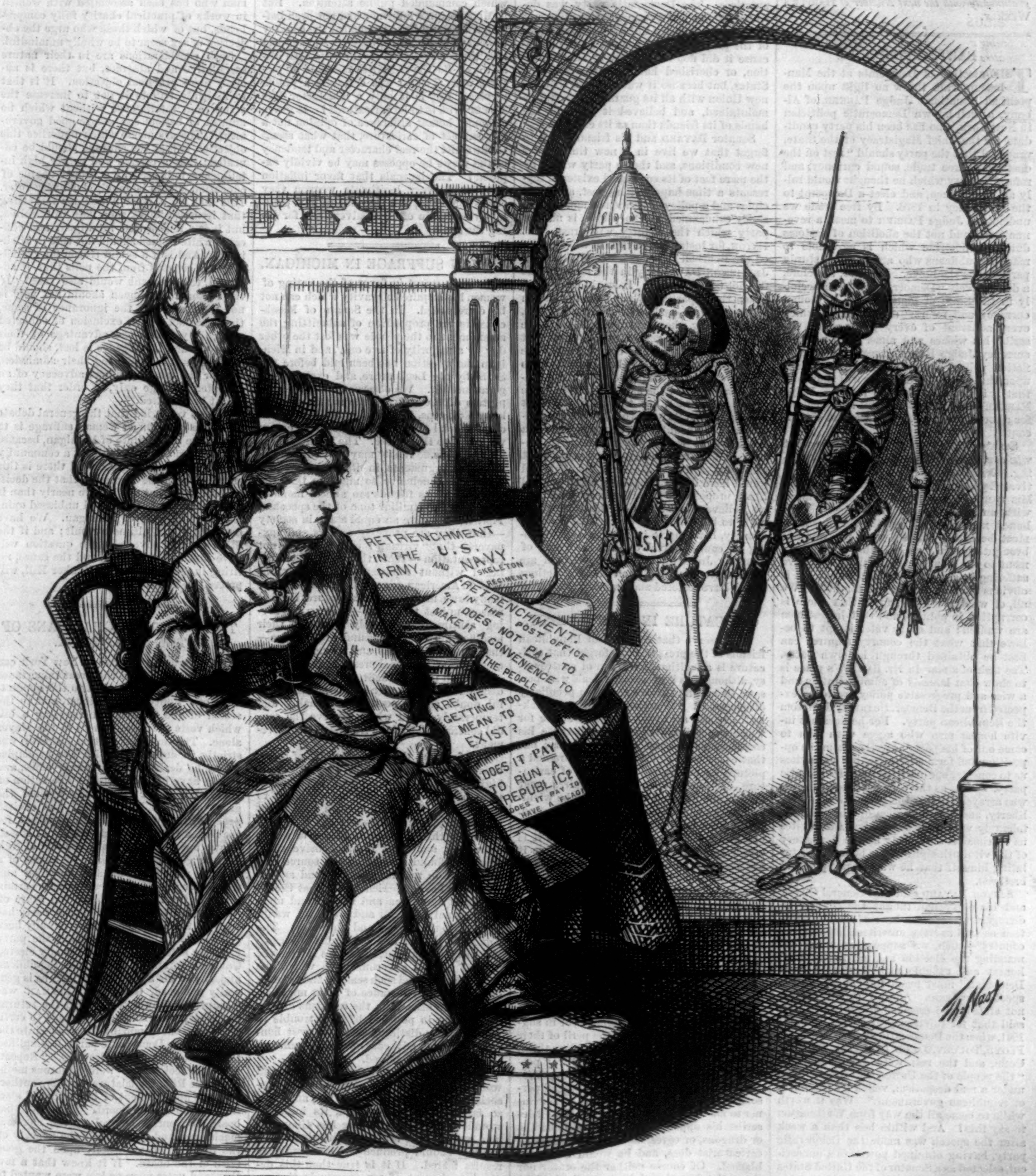
US
RETRENCHMENT IN THE U.S. ARMY AND NAVY. SKELETON REGIMENTS
RETRENCHMENT. IN THE POST OFFICE "IT DOES NOT PAY TO MAKE IT A CONVENIENCE TO THE PEOPLE
ARE WE GETTING TOO MEAN TO EXIST?
DOES IT PAY TO RUN A REPUBLIC? DOES IT PAY TO HAVE A FLAG
U.S.NAVY
U.S.ARMY
Th. Nast.

"THERE IS NOTHING MEAN ABOUT US."

UNCLE SAM. "What Congress proposes to reduce our Army and Navy to!"

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 30, 1874.

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PARTY PROSPECTS.

THE meeting of Democrats at the Manhattan Club threw no light upon the political situation. Judge Parker, of Albany, a well-known Democratic politician in New York, who has been his party candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the State, proposed that the party should "rest on the doctrine of free trade, sound currency, and reform"—a cry which he thought would rally all honest men, and elect a Democrat to the Presidency in 1876. By free trade we understand Judge Parker to mean a revenue tariff, and not the abolition of customs duties—a doctrine which is agreeable to many Republicans who are quite as sturdy partisans as the judge. It is not, therefore, a distinctively "Democratic" issue, especially in the State of Pennsylvania. "Sound currency and reform" are words by which every adherent of every party would describe his wishes and aims. If by sound currency Judge Parker means an anti-inflation policy, a perusal of the late votes upon that subject in Congress will show him that it is not a Democratic policy. Judge Parker's speech was cheerful and pleasant for a social assembly, but it was not significant.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, made what was considered to be the speech of the evening. Mr. Bayard is a courteous and cultivated gentleman, and an intense partisan. His speech was a prolonged lament, varied with an assertion that the times needed honest men, and that a national convention must be called "to see what the war has brought upon us," and whether any amendment to the Constitution is needed to save suffering in any part of the country. It is obvious that all this is not tangible. We all, of whatever party, agree that there is corruption in politics, and that honest men are wanted; and every voter is apt to believe that what the country requires can best be obtained through his own party. The task of a man in Mr. Bayard's place is to show that honesty of administration and a wise and progressive policy are to be expected from the Democratic rather than from the Republican party. For he does not invite honest men who agree with him to come out of his party as well as from the opposition and form a new one, but he invites us to consider our old friend, the Democratic party, which, as the Chicago *Times* tells us, was arrayed against the principle of human liberty, and which to men of middle life is tolerably well known—Mr. Bayard invites us to consider this party as the depository of the vital principles of the hour, congratulating himself that he was among political brethren.

Senator Bayard said that General Grant and his party had taught the country to disregard the written laws of the Constitution as well as "the unwritten laws of the country"—such, we suppose, as those demanding the election and appointment of honest and capable men—and that "we Democrats" must teach the country to respect them again. And he thought he was not stating the case too strongly when he said that for thirteen years—that is, since 1861, when the Democratic party, Buchanan, Floyd, Toucey, Jacob Thompson, Howell Cobb, and the rest, went out of power—"the people of the United States have lived under a real despotism, veiled by the forms of republican government." Was it worth while to come all the way from Washington to say this? And within less than a week after the speech was made the Democratic party, having obtained power in Connecticut, selected as a Senator of the United States Mr. W. W. Eaton. His sole reputation outside of his State is that of a politician, who during the war was one of the most uncompromising "Copperheads" in New England; and Mr. Bayard's party, to which we are to look for the new era, puts Mr. Eaton in the seat of Senator Buckingham, one of the most "loyal" of men—a word which we know is displeasing to Mr. Bayard's political friends—and one of the most efficient of the war Governors.

This is the comment—this, and the selection by the Democratic party of Fernando Wood as Speaker, and its divided vote upon inflation, and the unchanged character of its leadership, including the speech of Mr. Bayard—upon the invitation to regard the Democratic party as the party of reform and of the future. The tone of Mr. Eldridge's report upon the South Carolina memorial, Mr. Eaton's extreme theories of State rights, learned in South Carolina, where he lived, and the basis of his opposition to the war—all tend to show the very serious difficulties that would certainly arise should that party control the government. It is apparently hard for Mr. Bayard and his fellow-partisans of similar character to see that parties are not judged by their professions, but by their practices. The Democratic party was defeated at the last Presidential election not because the country did not approve many of the propositions of the platform, not because it did not wish purity of administration, or cherished hatred of the Southern States, but because it was resolved that the new Union with all its guarantees should be maintained, and believed it safer in the hands of its friends than of its enemies.

Senator Bayard and his friends seem to forget that we live in a new time, under new conditions, and that a party which by the mere fact of its continued existence represents a time happily long past, and principles and a policy continuously and conclusively condemned by the people, is not the party which the country will trust. Mr. Eaton, for instance, is a type of what is called the Bourbon Democrat. He differs from Jefferson Davis only in the fact that he did not take up arms. It would be as monstrous that a party of which he is the chosen representative—and in a New England State, where, if any where, amelioration might be expected—should return to power as that the government of the country after the Revolution should have been intrusted to Tories who had "acquiesced." The country does not need the spirit that acquiesces in the new order, but that from which it sprang. If Mr. Bayard thinks that the condition of the country for thirteen years is a despotism, he would properly wish to disturb it, and restore republicanism. That was what Andrew Johnson thought, and would have done. That was what General Blair proposed to do with the sword. And we believe the success of the Democratic party to be challenged by the fact that the country, listening to its leaders and watching its course, perceives that the views of Andrew Johnson and General Blair are more agreeable to it than the convictions which have restored and renewed the Union.

CARICATURE IN CONTROVERSY.

We observe that some of our Republican friends of the press seem to forget that caricature is a legitimate weapon of controversy, although, as it necessarily deals with persons, its caustic thrusts are often peculiarly disagreeable. When the statesman of Blackwell's Island said that he did not care for what was printed about him, because his constituency was not given to reading, but that every body could see and understand a picture, he recognized the power of caricature. It is a weapon which requires great skill in the use, and which should be wielded always with conscience and perception. A foul blow with the pencil is sure to recoil, but a fair one is most effective. But it is unfair to consider it ill-natured because it has recourse to its necessary conditions to produce its effect. Its object is not merely to raise a laugh, but to tell a serious truth humorously. If the caricaturist, for instance, thinks that inflation would be a national disaster, because it is a violation of pledges, and a kind of robbery and deception, his view may be mistaken, but he must certainly regard his means if he proposes to express his opinion. Now inflation can not be abstractly represented, and he therefore properly selects its most noted champions to symbolize it, and in making them laughable, or in suggesting what seems to him the peril of their attempt, he is not personally ridiculing them, but their opinions, and in the only way possible to him.

If an orator in a speech to a thousand persons, with rhetorical felicity and in a manner to move continual merriment, should describe his opponents as Captain Bobadils, or dragons, or ogres, he would do what the caricaturist does, and he would do it unblamed. Of course neither the orator nor the artist has the right to malign. The word and the work must be honest, and if there be any intention to wound or slander, the guilt is the same whether the blow be dealt by the pen, the pencil, or the voice. We agree, too, that the peculiar conditions of caricature should be borne in mind by the artist: that he should consid[illegible] how the meaning of words written or spoken may be graded and shaded, and as this is impossible in a caricature, that it should be designed with a full consciousness of the fact.

But in the same way the spectator is bound to look at it with a consciousness of its conditions: and its first condition is humor; without that it fails. To draw a man, for instance, as a cabbage head merely is as inexcusable as to call him by that name. But when there is an impression in the general consciousness that a man *is* a cabbage head, or when some especial agricultural association instinctively suggests the name, then it is a stroke of humor, and is universally recognized, except by two classes of persons—one the individual, and the other his friends. The friends of Mr. Seward thought it very hard that he should be represented as the Grand Vizier of Andrew Johnson in a powerful series of pictures which commanded public attention. But if Mr. Seward's influence had not been baffled, if he could have persuaded the country to believe in Andrew Johnson and support him, the consequences would have been disastrous. So the merciless fusillade of pictures upon Tweed was certainly a public service. But is it only a malefactor like Tweed who is to be caricatured? Is grave although honest difference of opinion not a fair subject of caricature, that what seems to the artist the real character and tendency of the views he opposes may be vividly exposed? The journals that favor inflation have used every legitimate weapon they could command, and they should not petulantly complain of their adversaries for doing the same.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.

The movement in favor of the voting of women has acquired a gravity which can not be disregarded. In the Senate of Massachusetts the proposition of submitting the amendment to the people was lost the other day by a majority of five only, and in Michigan the question has been laid before the State by the Legislature, and excites very great interest. We observe among the supporters of the suffrage the names of well-known citizens, judges upon the bench, and other official persons, and the press enters warmly into the debate. The proposition is very serious. What may be called the American arguments in its favor are obvious and conclusive, so much so that the meetings of its friends are almost monotonous from the familiar tone of the speeches. That women have an equal stake in society—that they are property owners and taxpayers—that "virtual" representation is not representation—that they are therefore taxed without representation, are truths that an American can not deny. Again, that many laws, made by men alone, are, for that reason, unjust to women—that an improving sentiment constantly demands their modification on the ground of injustice—that on school boards and in certain local questions their official presence and suffrage are of high public benefit, is not a subject of dispute. But there are a serious and thoughtful doubt and opposition reasonably and temperately urged which deserve the candid consideration of the friends of the movement.

The first and the most powerful of these, because the vaguest, and susceptible of highly imaginative treatment, is the argument of sex. It is a difficult argument to state plainly, because it implies what is not matter of public discussion; but it is substantially this, that the influence of sex in its widest and most comprehensive sense would be found practically the source of a corruption in politics quite beyond any of which we have experience, and that the effect both upon men and women, and upon the national character and prospects, would be most demoralizing and alarming. The *Nation*, in a clear and admirable presentation of this argument, illustrates it from the case of church government in which the fact of sex has bred such scandal and trouble, and cites, as an instance of what might be expected to arise from the relations of men and women in political life, the trouble in which a very distinguished and most honorable man, an advocate of woman suffrage, has lately been involved.

But in view of the fact that men and women are of necessity most intimately associated in every relation of life, and that, so far as sex is concerned, its influence would be neither more nor less than it is now, we can not see why admission to the suffrage should produce the extraordinary results feared. If it is true that this deranging element of sex surrounds the co-operation even of the best men and women with serious dangers, is it also true that where there is the least co-operation of the sexes in the common interests of life there is also a purer morality and a higher individual character? Does the association of women with men in the management of education, or the right of women to vote as stockholders, or their equal association in churches—conceding the scandals and troubles—produce a lower moral tone in the community? Or is it not rather true that it is as society becomes more truly civilized, more intelligent, more self-restrained, and in communities of the highest moral tone, that these advances are made, and that the demand for the ballot is the most earnest? We do not admit that a female politician would hold her male opponent at her mercy in the sense and manner alleged; and we are very sure that any increase of the trouble supposed would by the necessity of the case tend to cure itself—that is to say, the damaging power of such calumny would be weakened—while, on the other hand, there would be an influx of more generous motives and nobler feelings, arising equally from the difference of sex, and which any man who has been associated with women in works of practical charity fully comprehends, but of which those who urge the objection of sex seem to be wholly unmindful.

Such considerations are in their nature speculative and abstract, but there is another more practical objection. It is that to multiply ballots is not to increase the virtue and intelligence without which no number of ballots can secure good government. The argument which underlies this objection is that the suffrage should be educated; that a certain and rather high intelligence, indicated by a proper degree of education, should be required of every voter. This may be a good reason for regretting that ignorant black men vote in Carolina, but is it a reason that intelligent and educated white women should not vote in Michigan? And is it a sound reason for excluding such citizens from the polls that, if admitted, the ignorant would also vote? If the reason that women should not vote is not their sex, but the ignorance of some, then the fact of the exclusion of educated women, by which the advantage of their character and intelligence is lost, should be a reason not for opposing their admission, but for the most strenuous advocacy of an educated suffrage only, in order that they might be admitted.

We are very glad that the general debate upon the question of woman suffrage is to take place in the State of Michigan, because the judgment of so intelligent a community will be of great weight. And there is this satisfaction in the discussion, that the decision will represent much more nearly than is usual at the polls the actual unbiased opinion of the people of Michigan. We have no doubt of the ultimate result; and if the State decides adversely, the question will have had a fair hearing, and the cause, retiring in good order from Bunker Hill, will proceed to Yorktown.

THE POLICE AS GUARDIANS OF THE BALLOT-BOX.

Those who do not live in New York can not easily understand the great importance which they see is attached to the appointment of a Police Commissioner, and to the action of the Governor in favoring a bill which vests the appointment in the Mayor alone. The Governor's action, however, was strictly in accordance with the principles which he declared upon taking office, and was to have been expected. The action of the Mayor under the power against the grant of which he protested has excited general attention and severe comment, for the reason that we will mention. As is well known outside of the State, the city of New York is governed at Albany by means of a charter, which is annually amended and frequently wholly changed to secure certain results. On the other hand, the State of New York, when the Democratic party has been in the ascendency, has virtually been governed by the city, in which the party majority is found. In 1862 the city elected Governor Seymour against the Republican majority of the State; and in 1868, as is generally believed, Governor Hoffman was "counted in" by a vote which the returns in the city were fraudulently made to certify. When the Tammany Ring came into the control of the Democratic party, it simplified the means of managing elections. "Repeating" and "colonizing" were cumbrous methods. The Ring Legislature therefore authorized the appointment of inspectors of election by the Police Board. This gave that board the entire control of the electoral machinery, and really made the honesty of the returns depend wholly upon the good faith of the board. If it knew that a few thousand votes more or less were wanted to secure a majority in the State, it could very easily manufacture them; for the inspectors at the polls, and the policemen who guarded them and who took charge of the returns when the polls were closed, could be all creatures of the board.

It will be seen, therefore, that not so much as a guarantee for the preservation of public order, but as security for the purity of the ballot-box, upon which the government itself rests, the character of the Police Commissioners is a matter of the highest public concern. They should be well-known citizens of the best personal reputation, and then it would be of no importance to which party they belonged. If they were merely politicians or unknown persons, there could be no public confidence that their great electoral trust would be properly fulfilled; for if the majority were partisan, there would be a general conviction that their action would be partisan; and if they were tied, there would be an equally general conviction of corrupt combination. To divide the board equally among ordinary politicians of both parties would secure nothing; and consequently when the responsibility of appointment was given to the Mayor alone, it was, under the circumstances of the case, as monstrous an offense to appoint Mr. Disbecker as it would have been in President Grant to have selected him as one of the counsel of the United States at Geneva. The people of New York have a right to know something of the men who are officially charged with protecting the sanctity of the ballot. It is not enough that the Mayor should say that he knows. He is, indeed, responsible, but a just and becoming sense of responsibility should show him what kind of action the circumstances demand. For his own support in the best public opinion, he is morally bound to discharge his responsibility in a manner that commands public confidence. And in the late appointment of a Commissioner the Mayor forfeited that public confidence and support.

If we are correct in this view of the importance of the function of the Board of Police as the guardian of elections, our readers elsewhere will understand why the Mayor's action has aroused so much feeling. The city indeed is not now governed by the Ring charter; but the new charter retains in the Police Board the appointment of inspectors of elections, and it is not a board which makes an honest election a moral certainty. The Democratic papers, which fear that it will favor the Republicans, naturally complain, while those Republicans who would maintain every security of a pure ballot as of much more importance than any mere partisan advantage are equally concerned. The retention of the appointment of inspectors in the board was suspicious. There was never any good reason for changing the practice of electing them, and of giving the opposition a representative; and it was changed only to facilitate swindling. The old system at least made a fair election more probable. The Republican party in New York has been seriously injured by the apparent readiness of some of its managers to adopt the devices of the late Ring. Such devices are very "smart," and not in the least "sentimental," but they also "knock the bottom out."

THE GENEVA AWARD.

The Geneva Award Bill seems to have passed the Senate in defiance both of law and equity. The principle involved is not new; it has been often considered, and uniformly decided in opposition to the policy of the bill. As it presents itself in this case the question is twofold: is the claim of the underwriters just; and was it considered at Geneva in making the award? In an article of great plainness and force published in the Baltimore *Gazette*, and supposed to be written by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, it is stated that in every adjudicated case in this country and in England, and by every elementary writer upon the law of insurance, it is held that where property is validly abandoned by the owner because of its being injured by a peril insured against, the underwriter at once becomes the owner. Even when an insured vessel or cargo is injured by collision, and the colliding vessel is at fault, the underwriter who pays the loss stands in the place of the assured to sue and recover from the colliding vessel for the amount of loss that he has paid. And the same principle holds where the entire value of the insured property has been lost. By the treaty of 1794 with England and other powers the United States have always claimed that in the cases of capture provided for the underwriters were to be considered as owners in whole or in part.

The principle is clear, conceded, unquestionable. Now in the war owners effected war risks, and by far the greater number of vessels captured were so insured. The Department of State from time to time requested those who had suffered by captures to file their claims. When the Treaty of Washington was negotiated, the claims on file for which the underwriters had fully paid were filed only by the underwriters themselves; and these, with the claims of those who had not been insured, were the losses submitted to arbitration at Geneva. Neither the arbitrators nor the counsel suggested that the underwriters were not entitled to stand for the owners whose losses they had paid; and the final award of fifteen millions of dollars was for losses sustained by our citizens in the capture of ships and cargoes by the three cruisers—the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*. In estimating this sum all the losses were considered, including those which were covered and paid by insurance, with an addition for the actual expense of the government in its efforts to capture the cruisers and protect our commerce.

In the face of these facts Senator Edmunds's statement that the insurance companies have no right to any of the money is extraordinary, and the approval of it by the Senate is a threatened stain upon the national honor. The money was awarded to indemnify certain specific claims, not to satisfy a national loss. Indeed, the whole subject of "national" loss, except the actual expense of the government mentioned, was avoided in the decision. Mr. Conkling truly said in the debate, and in a very able speech, that if the money belonged in the Treasury, no one had any claim upon it, neither underwriters nor any other persons; but if it were to follow the line marked by the arbitration, no one would deny that the claims of the underwriters were presented and allowed at Geneva, and that they must be allowed a hearing in court. Indeed, well-settled principles of law and equity and the admitted facts seem to require the admission of the underwriters' claims; and even conceding the position of Mr. Edmunds, that the wrong committed by Great Britain was not against the individual citizen, but against the nation, and that no nation can submit questions of its obligations to its own citizens to a foreign tribunal—conceding all this, we can not see why the claims of the underwriters, whenever and wherever individual claims are heard and decided, are not in law and equity, and by universal practice, entitled to a hearing.

GENERAL HOWARD.

There have been for a long time stories in circulation prejudicial to General Howard, late of the Freedman's Bureau. He was a brave and conspicuous soldier of the war, he had been eminent in the good work of the freedmen, and he was a member of the Church. To blacken his name, therefore, was to stigmatize several good things, and the dirty work has been zealously prosecuted in what were known when General Howard was leading an army corps and losing an arm as "Copperhead" circles, his chief opponent being Fernando Wood. Some time since the Secretary of War sent certain statements to the House of Representatives, and a court-martial was ordered, upon charges involving General Howard's personal and official character. The court has sent its decision to the President, and as it is known to be favorable, the expiring effort of malice was to insinuate that there were serious differences of judgment in the court. But the counsel of General Howard telegraphed to Mr. Edgar Ketchum that the court was unanimous upon the statement of facts, also upon all matters affecting his character as an officer and a gentleman, and also in commending his conduct as Commissioner—a decision which will be cordially welcomed by the country.

AN UNDOUBTED RIGHT.

There is one kind of civil right which the strictest constitutional interpretation will not deny to the colored citizens of the Southern States, and that is the right of educating their own children at their own expense, assisted by the voluntary aid of others. This is what William Craft, whose story was very familiar during the Fugitive Slave Act excitement twenty-three years ago, proposes to do in South Georgia. His object is to give the poor country colored children a chance at the rudiments of education. Mr. Craft and his wife and son have bought a plantation or farm of 1800 acres about twenty miles from Savannah, to which families with children will remove, hiring part of the land and paying a portion of the crop toward the school, while the children will work upon the land to raise grain and vegetables for their own use. Mr. Craft in 1871 tried a similar experiment upon another spot, advanced the money, and secured a good crop; but the Ku-Klux destroyed the buildings and the harvest. Several gentlemen in Boston, in New York, and elsewhere have subscribed to further a project which is in such capable hands; and whoever is disposed may address Mr. Craft at 252 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York.

THE FLOWER CHARITY.

With all our brethren of the press we make our annual appeal for flowers for the sick and suffering. The ladies who have devoted themselves for several years in the months of May and June to this beautiful charity have resumed their work, and are to be found on Mondays at 239 Fourth Avenue from ten to one o'clock, and there flowers and shrubs may be sent. The delight and refreshment, the renewed confidence in men and gratitude to God, which the sweet and bright blossoms bring to the weary and dying invalid are not to be described. The tenderest service which such gifts render to the sick is perhaps the consciousness that they are not forgotten. May those who read these words in the midst of great gardens, or who have the money which can buy the flowers, remember with how little effort they can do a great service to the unhappy.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

In the last number of our paper we made a reference to that portion of Dr. Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa* relating to the rediscovery of the Pygmies, always considered fabulous when mentioned in the pages of Herodotus and the older poets. The other great features of his work are his contributions to the hydrography of Central Africa, and the light which he throws on the slave-hunting system, and the work begun for the Egyptian government by Sir Samuel Baker. In regard to the question of the Nile, it may be briefly stated that Schweinfurth crossed the western water-shed of that river, and having arrived where the Lualaba must come—if it come northward at all, and not into the Nyanza—he found the Welle, the Keebaly, the Gadda, and all the streams of the land flowing westward, and probably to the Shary. This does not "settle the Lualaba," but it proves the existence of a separate river system where Livingstone and Stanley thought there might be found the continuous channel of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Besides seeing the Pygmies, Dr. Schweinfurth gives us distinct and interesting accounts of other tribes with whom we have had little previous acquaintance. The Monbuttoos and the Niam-niams, among whom the doctor lived for a long time, are confirmed cannibals; and one of the most curious points of the description is to show that this unpleasant foible is not incompatible with marked advance in social arts and manners. For instance, those man-eaters, the Niam-niams, are affectionate husbands and wives, and will surrender the most cherished possession to buy back one of their household if captured by the slave-hunters or by a hostile tribe. Dr. Schweinfurth has unquestionably taken rank as a leading African explorer, and the present work, published in two volumes by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, with profuse and interesting illustrations, will more than justify the position assigned him by scientific men.

Dr. Dio Lewis has written several practical and useful works for the instruction of young people, but none more useful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining than his latest book, entitled *Five-minute Chats with Young Women and certain other Parties*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It is a very sensible and lively book, and deserves to be widely read. The author is well known as an acute observer, a man of great practical sagacity in sanitary reform, and a brilliant writer on the subjects to which his life has been devoted.

One of the daintiest volumes of the season comes from the press of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. It is the first of the "Bric-à-Brac Series," under which general title the publishers have in preparation a unique series of books, in which there shall be collected from the numerous biographies, autobiographies, and memoirs that have lately appeared the most interesting reminiscences of the men and women who have made this century illustrious in the annals of English literature. Each volume, like the first, will be complete in itself; and it is only necessary to say that the series is under the editorship of Mr. R. H. Stoddard to give assurance that the work will be performed with ability and taste. The present volume comprises a careful and judicious selection from the writings of Chorley, Planché, and Young, from whose rather ponderous and heavily padded volumes Mr. Stoddard has gleaned the most entertaining of their reminiscences. Aside from its literary interest, the volume is a beautiful specimen of book-making. The type is clear and pleasant to the eye, and the design upon the cover unique and elegant.

Two novels from the pen of Anthony Trollope, issued, a short interval apart, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, attest the fertility and versatility of his powers. The first, *Phineas Redux*, in which the principal characters in *Phineas Finn* re-appear, is a political novel of the present time. The hero is a member of Parliament, and living English leaders are brought into its action under a thin disguise of names, which the well-informed reader easily penetrates, while the union of a love-story with the political drama invests the fortunes of the hero with the charm of sentiment. The second novel, *Lady Anna*, is in a different vein. It is a story of English society; and it must be said that the picture of that society, delineated with a master's hand, is not an attractive one. Josephine Murray, the young and beautiful daughter of an English gentleman in moderate circumstances, marries a licentious nobleman, not from love, but simply because he was an earl and very rich. She had not lived with him six months before he told her that the marriage was no marriage, and that she was—his mistress. He assured her that he loved her, and that she was welcome to live with him, but that she was not his wife, and that the child which she bore could not be the heir to his title, and could claim no heirship to his property. He declared that he had a wife living in Italy. What was it expedient that she should do? She hesitated to commence an action against the Earl for bigamy, thereby acknowledging that she was no wife. Meanwhile a daughter was born; the Earl departed for Italy, and the wronged wife sought refuge with her child, the Lady Anna of the story, in the home of a Mr. Thwaite, a tailor, and a man of truly noble and chivalrous nature. In the course of years the Earl dies, his wife establishes her rights in a court of justice, and comes into possession of his property. But her triumph is imbittered by an event galling to her pride in rank and family. Her daughter, Lady Anna, has fallen in love with the son of their friend and champion in adversity, the large-hearted tailor, and is loved by him; and in the face of her mother's stern opposition and of social proscription, she marries him. Her mother is inflexible to the last. Half crazed from brooding over the social disgrace involved in the marriage, she even makes an attempt on the life of her daughter's lover. The chapter in which this scene is described is one of the most powerful in the novel. Foiled in this attempt, and protected against its consequences by the forbearance of the man she sought to kill, she continues relentless, and refuses to be present at her daughter's marriage. Lady Anna and her husband sail for Australia soon after their wedding, and the story ends. There is certainly no reason why a tailor should not be a noble and generous character, but it was bold in the author to make one the hero of a society novel. Nevertheless Mr. Trollope makes Daniel Thwaite quite as interesting a hero as any of the soldiers, statesmen, and lawyers of his other novels; and the reader who follows this romantic and fascinating story to the end, as every one who takes it up will do perforce, will be glad to learn from the closing paragraph that "of the further doings of Mr. Daniel Thwaite and his wife Lady Anna, of how they traveled and saw many things, and how he became perhaps a wiser man, the present writer may, he hopes, live to tell."

For light and pleasant reading when traveling by rail or boat Mr. Joseph Taylor has written a lively, entertaining volume, under the appropriate title of *A Fast Life on the Modern Highway*, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The author has been for many years connected with railroad life in various capacities, and in the course of his experience has accumulated a large fund of anecdote and humor which will serve to enliven many an otherwise tedious hour. The volume is illustrated with a large number of humorous engravings.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The House of Representatives on the 11th inst. passed the Indian, River and Harbor, and Military Academy appropriation bills, and adopted a resolution declaring that if an increase of taxation be found necessary, such increase shall begin with the taxation of persons and corporations on their annual incomes, dividends, and salaries.—The Senate, on the 12th, by a vote of 26 to 17, passed the Geneva Award Bill, having refused to strike out the section paying insurance companies their losses. The House, by a vote of 127 to 51, decided to investigate charges made against Delegate Cannon, of Utah, charging him with polygamic practices, it having previously declared, by a vote of 111 to 75, that he was legally elected and entitled to his seat.—On the 13th the President signed the act for the relief of the Mississippi sufferers.—The Senate, on the 14th, passed the Finance Committee's substitute for the House Free Banking Bill, amended so as to provide for free banking, with a redemption of twenty-five per cent. of legal tenders for the amount of new bank-notes issued. The legal tenders are to be funded into four and a half per cent. coin bonds, to be issued in 1878, and running for fifteen years. The legal-tender maximum is fixed at $382,000,000. The House passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, considered the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, and adopted a resolution ordering the Attorney-General to inquire into the loss by the Cooke failure of the funds of the Reform School of the District of Columbia.

The Arkansas difficulty is at length in a fair way of settlement. The Legislature met on the 14th inst., and adopted resolutions requesting the President to place them in possession of the State-house. On the day following Attorney-General Williams gave his opinion that Baxter was the legal Governor, whereupon the President issued a proclamation declaring such to be the fact, and commanding the armed forces to disband immediately.

A terrible calamity occurred in Massachusetts on the 16th inst. At daybreak the dam of a reservoir on Mills River, in Hampshire County, broke away, and flooded the towns along its banks, Williamsburg, Haydenville, and Leeds, causing a great loss of life and of about $2,000,000 worth of property. A large number of houses were swept away with the inmates yet in bed, and some of the factories were full of operatives. A large share of the property belonged to the Hayden estate, and the rest was owned by various companies and private individuals. As many as 150 bodies have thus far been recovered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A new Spanish ministry has been formed, as follows: Zabala, President of the Council and Minister of War; Sagasta, Minister of Interior; Ulloa, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Camacho, Minister of Finance; Martinez, Minister of Justice; Colmenares, Minister of Public Works; Ortiz, Minister of the Colonies; and Arias, Minister of Marine.

The French ministry resigned on the 16th inst., owing to the defeat of the Electoral Bill in the Assembly. The resignation was accepted, and M. Goulard was charged with the appointment of a new ministry.

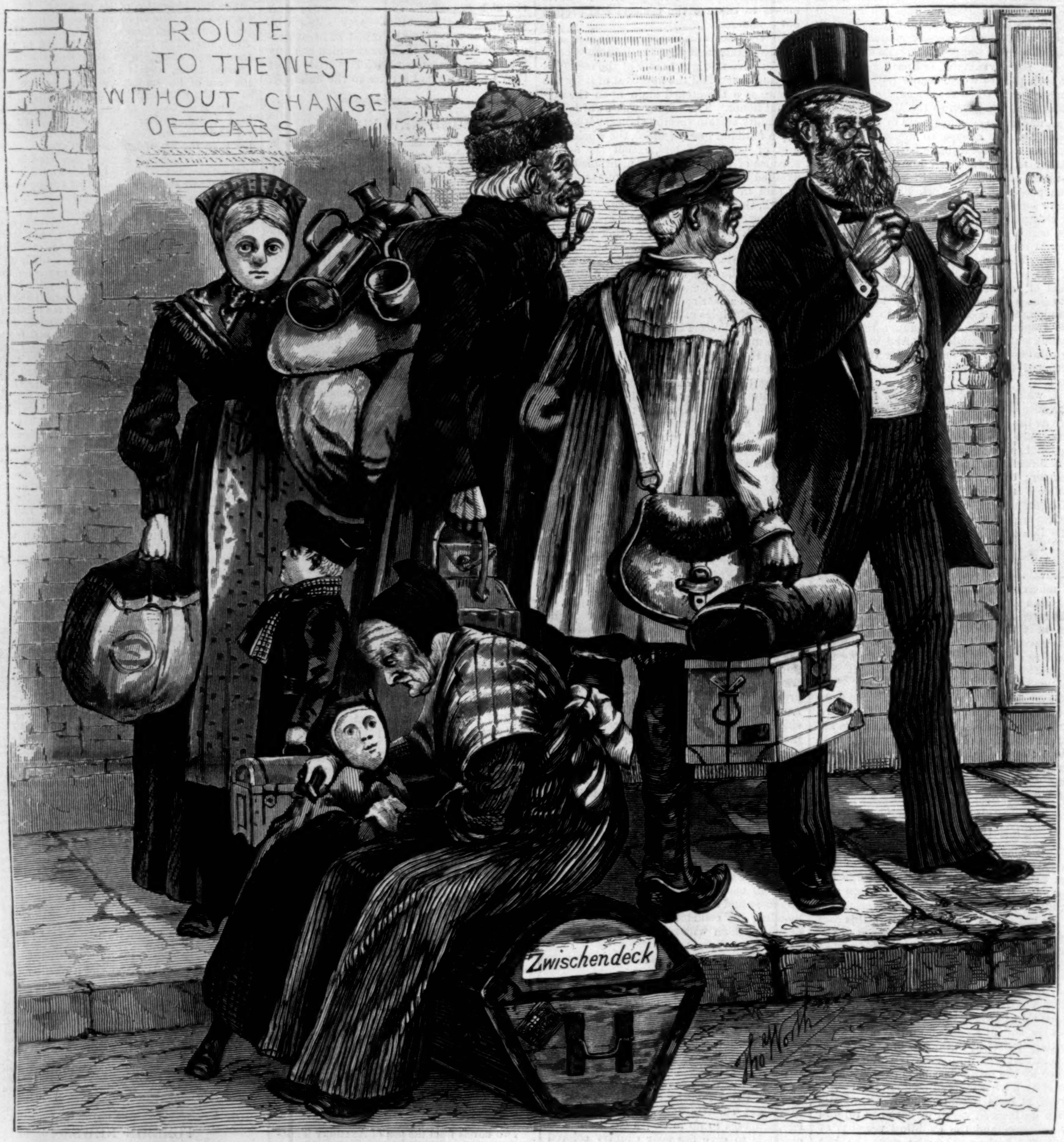
A disastrous fire occurred in Paris on the 11th inst., by which several persons were burned to death, and two hundred families made homeless.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, one of the Czar's nephews, has been arrested by the police for stealing his mother's diamonds, which he gave to a fascinating French actress with whom he had fallen in love.

Advices from San Juan, Porto Rico, state that the members of a Masonic lodge at Sabana Grande have been arrested by the police. The *Boletin* newspaper applauds the authorities for the attitude they have assumed against Masonry. It declares that Masons in the Antilles are thoroughly in favor of the separation of the colonies from Spain.

ASKING THE WAY.

IN a poem printed in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* JOAQUIN MILLER describes the inconvenience of being where you do not understand the language spoken by those around you. The poet was soon relieved from his quandary, but we fear the group of newly arrived emigrants in our illustration will not so easily escape from theirs. They have lost their way in the streets of a strange city, and having no countryman to act as interpreter, are trying to make a good-natured-looking man understand their case. He is evidently quite as much puzzled by the written direction as by their foreign speech, and it looks as if he would have to give it up as a hopeless task. There is, perhaps, no situation in the world more forlorn than being in a strange country and ignorant of the language of the people. With these poor emigrants the case is a thousand times worse than it would be with persons of a different station. They are simple-minded and trustful, and on this account all the more likely to fall into the hands of evil men, who may defraud them of every thing and leave them penniless in the street.


ROUTE TO THE WEST WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS
Zwischendeck
Tho Worth

IN A STRANGE LAND—ASKING THE WAY.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

Apropos of our illustration we may mention the recent arrival at Baltimore of the first installment of Mennonite emigrants from Russia. They are 185 in number, and bring with them $60,000 in gold. They represent that they obtained permission to emigrate with great difficulty, and on payment of a large sum of money to the Russian government. They came from the neighborhood of Odessa, and will settle in Nebraska or Dakota. When they left home the other members of the sect in Southern Russia were only awaiting news of what privileges will be granted by this government before commencing preparations to follow. They desire to come to the United States rather than go to Canada, although special inducements have been held out to them by the Canadian government. An intelligent emigrant, who has charge of this little flock, states that all the 25,000 Mennonites in Southern Russia hope to cross the Atlantic and settle here within the year. The question of allowing them a large grant of government lands is under consideration by Congress.

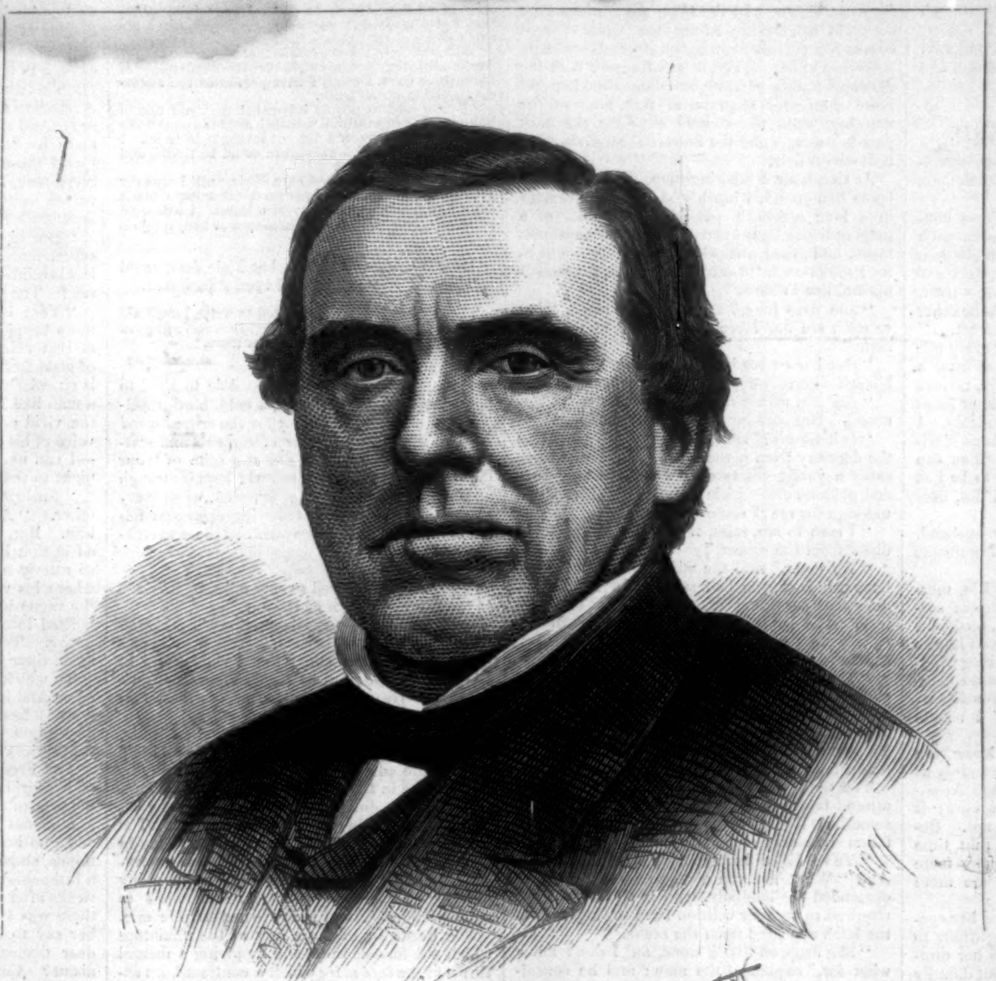
THUNDER-STORMS.

THE precise or entire part which a thunder-storm performs in the mechanism of the aerial heavens is somewhat obscure. Enough, however, can be gleaned from its general aspect to render it not only an important subject to acquaint ourselves with as regards its physical effects, but deeply interesting when contemplated in its moral and religious point of view, which every work of the Creator should be. As a physical phenomenon of our globe its first characteristic is that of a safety-valve or escape from too great an accumulation of the electric matter which pervades our earth, air, and ocean, and with which the world is, as it were, continually overflowing. This electric matter seems to be the principal if not the most powerful agent not only in what is called a thunder-storm, but in the entire globe that we inhabit. Its mysterious and as yet unknown matter is given forth in large quantities alike from the earth and the heavens—the former being what is called *negative* electricity, and the latter *positive*. Now a thunder-storm is but the discharge of the constantly increasing quantity of electricity from heaven and earth at the same time, just as two hostile armies would expend their amunition in firing at one another their terrestrial artillery.

How electricity is generated, and increases so wonderfully at particular seasons, is somewhat obscure. A good deal of it has its origin in the sun, there is little doubt. It is thought, too, that the continued and sudden changes of temperature produced by solar influence on the ever-varying properties and chemical nature of the substances of which our atmosphere is composed tend to keep up a constant supply of this wonderful agent. Among the generating causes of electricity that of alternate condensation and evaporation—the formation or dissipation of clouds by change of temperature—has been said to be a fruitful source. But this has been questioned by many eminent men in the present day. Certain it is, however, that the greatest quantity of electricity has been present during these processes. It is proved also that clouds, especially the large, white, fleecy, motionless wool-packs with which we are so familiar, are filled with electricity, and are but so many wandering aerial or nebulous volcanoes, occasionally relieving themselves of their electrical burden by a thunder-storm, just as the terrestrial volcanoes relieve themselves from subterranean matter. They are, in fact, huge Leyden-jars, filled with that destructive yet life-giving and necessary fluid.

Our readers are doubtless aware the lightning flash has long been identified with the electric discharge from the battery of an electrical machine. Forked lightning can be exhibited in miniature from the Leyden-phial, filled with that mysterious substance called, perhaps without sufficient reason, a fluid. Franklin, indeed, and many other eminent men since, have conclusively settled that point. The fiery globe that rolls and hisses along the ground, or the broad blue glare of the sheet-lightning, or the more dangerous forked zigzag flash that strikes the earth, shatters the steeples of our churches, burns and destroys our homes, rends asunder the strongest oak, or kills in a moment man and beast, is, after all, the same substance as that which we can obtain artificially within the space of a small glass jar, and can confine there, or set free at pleasure in any quantity—with a shock strong enough to kill an ox, if necessary, or so slight as not to injure an infant; and it is also the same substance that is now our obedient slave and messenger to engirdle the earth in a moment, and convey our messages of peace or war, love or hatred, politics or science, joy or sorrow, under the Atlantic depths, as well as over mountain and valley.

JOHN ROACH.



JOHN ROACH.

The name of **John Roach** is little known outside of commercial circles, but he is a man deserving of high honor for what he has accomplished toward the restoration of American commerce on the seas, and our readers will be interested in knowing something of his life. He was born in Ireland. His father died when he was but twelve years old, leaving him to make his way in the world by the aid of native pluck and mother-wit. At the age of sixteen he was induced to come to this country on the advice of an uncle then residing in this city, but on arriving here he learned that his relative had removed to Texas, which seemed at that time—some forty-five years ago—a great deal further off than now. Without friends, and almost penniless, he resolved to rely on himself, and seek employment at any thing he could find, in order to provide himself with means to return to Ireland. But work was scarce, and after remaining several days in New York he set out for a place in Southern New Jersey, where he learned a man was living who formerly worked for his father.

He crossed the ferry with a few shillings in his pocket, and after traveling on foot some sixty miles, found the party he was in search of at a place known as the Howell Works, where a blast-furnace belonging to **James P. Allaire** was in operation. Here he obtained work of a promiscuous character, connected with making iron from the ore and coal from wood, at seven dollars per month wages and board. There was also a department in these works where a variety of rough castings were made directly from the blast-furnace without remelting, the labor for making them being paid for by the piece. The custom existed of requiring fifty dollars for an opportunity to learn this branch of the business. If unsuccessful, no pay was received, and the fifty dollars forfeited. At the end of the first year he had saved the requisite amount, paid it, and commenced in this department, succeeding as well as he had anticipated, while many others failed. By industry, long hours, and rigid economy, at the end of three years he had saved some fifteen hundred dollars, when the furnaces stopped, and all work was suspended.

There were no savings-banks in that section of country at that time, and his savings were all in Mr. **Allaire**'s hands. He drew from him a small amount, and went West to purchase some land, with the understanding that when his arrangements were made and the land purchased the balance was to be remitted to him.

In the mean time Mr. **Allaire** failed in business, and **John Roach**'s savings were all gone. He again found himself without money, and was compelled to work on the canals and railroads then constructing in that part of the country, in order to return to New York.

On his arrival in this city he went to the Allaire Works, and commenced learning to make castings for marine engines and ship-work at one dollar per day. While learning this branch of the business he also gave much attention to the other branches, and gathered information from every source within his reach. Here he worked for many years. He had married while receiving a low salary, and even when this was increased he found it barely sufficient to support his family; the hard toil and constant effort to maintain the struggle for support affected his health, and he longed to establish a business of his own. By occasional work at over-hours he succeeded in saving a hundred dollars, which, with three partners who had each the same amount, he invested in a foundry. His partners soon became discouraged and sold out to him, and he thus became sole proprietor of the establishment. He did so well in his business that in four years he saved $30,000. With this capital he purchased the ground on which his foundry stood, erected better buildings, procured new and improved appliances, and looked forward to a still more prosperous career. But soon afterward his foundry was entirely destroyed by the explosion of a boiler; he was unable to recover the insurance, and after paying his debts found himself again without a dollar he could call his own.

Undiscouraged by this heavy misfortune, he at once repaired his shop for temporary use, and started again, with no assistance but a clear head and good credit. He was soon able to rebuild his foundry, and gradually increased its capacity. Here the engines of the *Dunderberg*, the *Bristol*, and *Providence* were constructed, the largest ever built in this country.

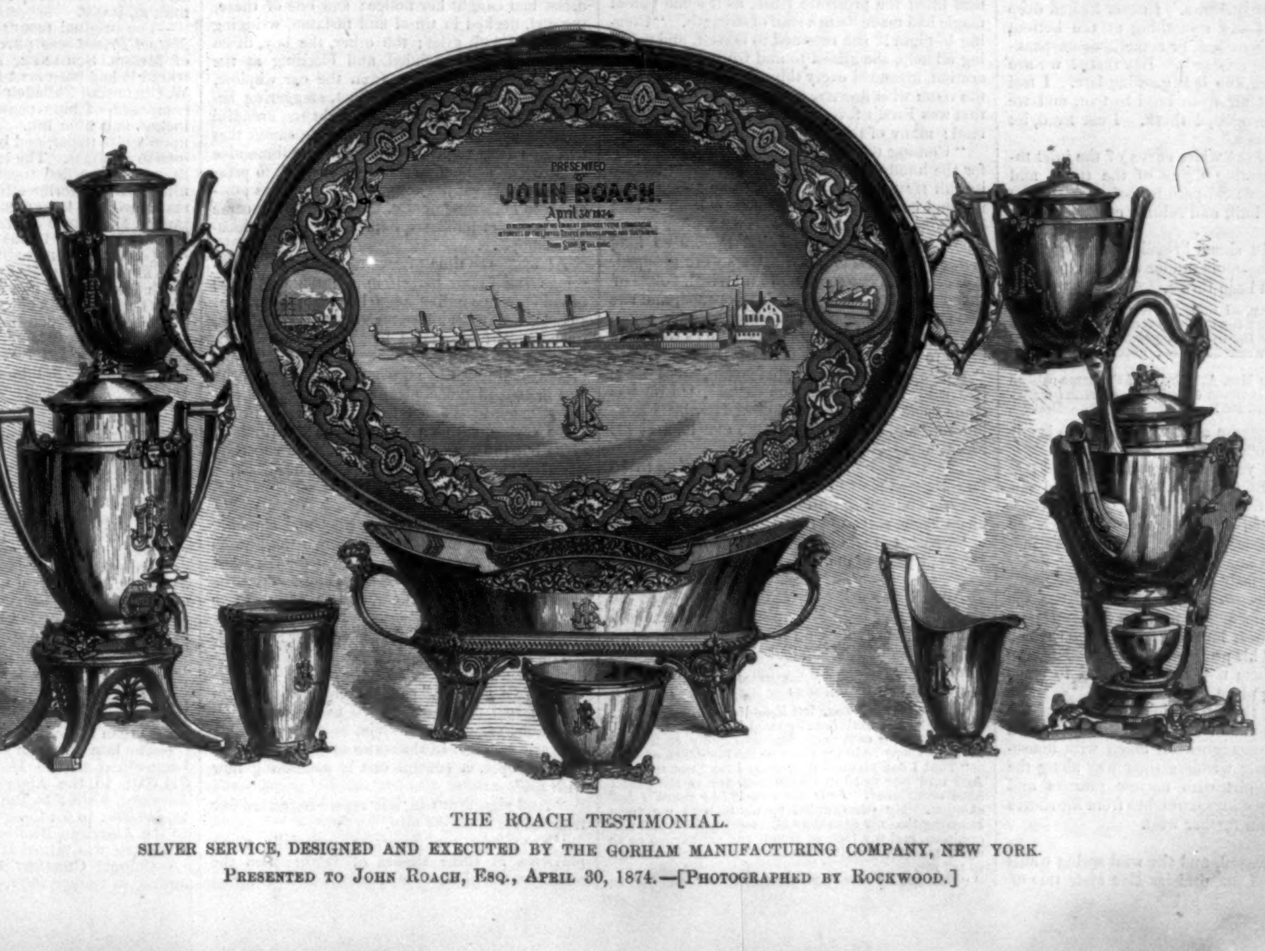
After the war, the American ship-building interest was so depressed that many of the large firms engaged in that business were disposed to abandon it. Mr. **Roach** purchased the Morgan Iron-works, the Neptune, the Franklin Forge, and the Allaire Works, where he had served his time, and concentrated the best machinery in each at the Morgan Works. In November, 1871, he bought of Messrs. **Rainey & Sons** their large ship-yards at Chester, Pennsylvania, as a part of his avowed purpose to restore American shipping to the place it held before the war of the rebellion crippled our commerce and drove all ship-building to the banks of the Clyde. During the past two years the amount of shipping built in the Chester yards is more than 40,000 tons. His latest triumphs are the *City of Peking* and the *City of Tokio*, built for the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. Mr. **Roach** asserts that he can build a better ship for the same money than can be built in any European ship-yard, and he declares that if others will go into the fight with him, he will make the banks of the Delaware the great ship-building yard of the whole world.

It was this union of success in the past and determination for the future that was honored by a complimentary banquet and presentation of a heavy silver service at **Delmonico**'s, in this city, on the evening of April 30. Commercial men, politicians, journalists, and many well-known professional men were at the presentation, and spoke with the highest praise of Mr. **Roach**'s achievements.

The service, of which we give an engraving on this page, consists of a coffee urn, hot-water kettle, after-dinner coffee-pot, tea-pot, sugar bowl, slop bowl, a large fruit dish, and a salver. The salver is 22 × 30 inches in size, and oval in form. The rim is protected by a raised balustrade, with an open-work tracery of the Corinthian order of ornamentation. This tracery is of gold. At the sides of the salver are half-oval plaques or medallions bearing a bass-relief of the new iron steam-ship *City of Peking*. The handles at the ends are of oxidized silver, and ornamented in harmony with the general design.

The surface of the salver has an engraving of the ship-yard at Chester, Pennsylvania, with a view of the launch of the *City of Peking*. At either end are allegorical designs representing Commerce, and also a view of the Morgan Iron-works in this city. Above these engraved designs is the following inscription:—"Presented to **John Roach**, April 30, 1874, in recognition of his eminent services to the commercial interests of the United States in promoting and sustaining iron ship-building." Around this inscription and accompanying engravings is an ornamental scroll border, on which are given the names of the eighty-two subscribers to the testimonial. The names are so artistically worked into the design that the lettering appears simply as an ornamental part of it.

The next object of importance in the group is the fruit dish, which is of a graceful oblong form, supported upon feet of a scroll pattern, and with open-work sides inlaid with gold. The handles are of rich design, and ornamented with Egyptian heads. The general design and finish of the smaller objects are of the Egyptian style of workmanship. They all rest upon winged sphinxes, and are ornamented with heads and other designs studied from Egyptian antiquities. The ground-work of the several objects is finished in frosted silver, while the raised parts, heads, etc., are of gold. The salver alone weighs three hundred ounces, and the other objects are equal-


PRESENTED
TO
JOHN ROACH.
April 30 1874.

THE ROACH TESTIMONIAL.

SILVER SERVICE, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Presented to John Roach, Esq., April 30, 1874.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

ly massive. The ornamentation is rich though chaste in design, and the whole work reflects the greatest credit upon the Gorham Company. Its good taste drew forth general admiration and praise.

ELSIE ARNOLD'S HUSBAND.

Two lovers were walking slowly one moonlight night along a solitary stretch of beach upon the shores of Lake Michigan.

They were married lovers; and those contrasts that we instinctively call "made for each other" were displayed in their figures and in their young faces, turned toward each other, dark and blonde. Even their voices shared this contrast, the one firm, deep-toned, and measured, the other capricious in accent, and tremulously sweet.

"The only trouble is," said Elsie, "every one says this can not last. It seems that after a while the most romantic love—to be sure, no love could be *quite* so romantic as ours—either fades away, or settles down into a calm friendship. I should *die* of calm friendship. Even Aunt Marianna told me upon my wedding-day, 'You can not expect the husband and the lover to be just the same.' But I do expect it; do I not, dear Fred?"

"You do expect it," answered her husband. "And you are right; that change will not come to us."

"And must any change," asked Elsie, musingly, "come to us? I suppose it must; sorrow and old age, perhaps. Very soon, no doubt, I shall have to tie up these curls that you like so much." She glanced ruefully at the long ringlets from which the straw hat was tossed carelessly back. "Fred," she said, reproachfully, "you might not love me so well if I should change."

"Do you suppose I would not know you through all change," he asked, "as certainly as I knew you in that black domino at the A—— mask? Love identifies to the soul's core; it wouldn't be worth living for if it did not. Besides, darling, you have something that time does not steal so easily as it steals the mere charm of youth, and that fascinates me more deeply: you have grace."

"Grace?" repeated Elsie. She lifted her eyebrows slightly, extended her arm thoughtfully to the length of the loosened hat-strings her dimpled hand held, and thrust one fairy foot daintily forward and back.

"Not for your own appreciation," said Fred, gravely, "but none the less for mine. Some one has remarked—I forget the precise language, but the idea I recollect—'If you love a woman for her beauty, you may love her five years; if you love her for intellectual qualities, you will love her ten years; but if you love her *for her ways*, you will love her forever.' Now, Elsie, those ways have nothing to do with complexion or curls, my dear."

"And you?" said the little wife. "For I am not so sure that my adoration for my husband is founded strictly on his ways. Some of those ways are dark. How would it be if *you* should change? Let me see—if you should turn bald just here," smoothing up from his forehead the dark locks she liked; "or if you should lose an eye, and could only look at me half—oh, don't!—or if you should grow stout—wofully stout—could you blame me if romance stopped? Hopeless incompatibility of square inches between affection and its object! for how could I put a wing or a bay-window on my heart?"

"Do not talk so even in jest," said Fred, really pained. "We may be thankful that we have the power to look deep."

"I do not wish to look deep," said Elsie, willfully; "I prefer shallows. I never looked deep in my life but I saw something at the bottom of the depth *lying dead*, or something unspeakably sad, as pale as death. But there! we are talking nonsense, and it is growing late. I feel a chill of night air from head to foot, and we have almost quarreled, I think. Dear Fred, let us go home at once."

They followed the white curve of the inlet toward the glimmering lights of the town, and crossing a narrow field-path in the outskirts, entered the rudely built and solitary cabin that they called home.

The moonlight shone broadly into a scantily furnished dwelling-room, under whose outer doorway a letter had been thrust.

"Friend Arnold,—I find, for reasons you will appreciate, a necessity for getting off at once. We start to-morrow—whole family—at daybreak. Expect you to join us next week at F——, goods and chattels complete.

"My respects to Mrs. A. She is of the same calibre as my wife. Such women are a help. Hurrah for success, and Westward Ho! Doc."

This letter, meagre as it was, served to bestir the Arnolds at once.

More than a year had passed since Fred Arnold's imprudent marriage, that displeased not only his own friends, but those of the pretty school-girl, petted and portionless, who became his wife. Emigrating to the West, and waiting in an ill-chosen law office for clients that never came, he had nearly exhausted his small patrimony. The doctor, his companion from the East, equally unfortunate, failed to find in D—— the linked sickness long drawn out upon which he had founded his professional hopes. Nothing remained for them now but a removal to some more promising place.

Accordingly, the first bright morning of the following week found Elsie and Fred perched upon a huge baggage-wagon laden with household goods, slowly wending their way along the high-road that, girt with narrow prairies and charming oak-openings, stretches from the shores of Lake Michigan further west.

Winter had passed, and the wild spring winds had swept across the prairies tide after tide of fantastic bloom. In the town the gardens were at their brightest. Along the white-fenced streets the villa-like cottages were embowered in flowering vines. The air was fragrant with the delicious breath of roses and honeysuckles, and more than ever fragrant at that hour of the morning, when the owners were for the most part fast asleep, and the flowers themselves were heavy with dew.

At that hour a laboring-man, whose clanking boots had sounded harshly along the pavement in a long approach, paused at the door of a lodging-house built apart from the gardened cottages, and asked a slipshod girl who was cleaning its door-step, "Does Miss Arnold, the school-ma'am, live in here?"

"She lives here," answered the maid, "but ye can't see her afore breakfast, at this hathen hour."

"But I must see her," the man said, planting himself doggedly upon the step; "it's bizness."

"An' I'm afther tellin' ye, bizness or no bizness— But sure here's the tacher hersilf."

"Is it for me?" asked a sweet voice; and into the doorway from a room adjoining the passage came a young creature in white morning robe and golden curls—Elsie Arnold. "Have you a message for me?" she asked.

"I cum to see, miss, if ye've heerd any thing direc' from the squeer."

"No news," said the wife, sadly. "No. I hoped, indeed, you had some word for me. I am expecting tidings every hour. The last were from 'The Pinery,' five weeks ago, when the rafts were ready to go down the river. They should have been long before this at St. Louis."

"Wa'al," said the man, "I've cum for my papers. I heerd accidental as heow Squeer Arnold, up in them pine woods, had took the measles worst sort, an' lay at the p'int of death. Ye see, neow, if he should drap off, my bizness might fall threough."

The nasal drawl in which this sentence was uttered broke at the last prolonged syllable into something like a whistle of dismay, for Elsie had fallen senseless to the floor.

"Ye've killed her intirely," cried the maid. And "What 'ave you done to Mrs. Harnold?" demanded the landlady, who in the one instant required to transfer volition from the key-hole to the latch appeared upon the scene.

"She dropped like a stone, an' I don't know what fur," explained the man; and he considerately added, as the women lifted the slight burden and bore it away, "I'll leave them papers, an' sen' Billy fur 'em."

It was long before Elsie recovered from her death-like swoon, and then only to lie silently with closed eyes, while people of the house watched in turn by her bed. Two days had passed thus, when late in the afternoon the doctor's wife entered, and something in the tone of her voice aroused Elsie. She looked up with a faint smile.

"Are you strong enough," were the words that greeted her, "to bear good news?"

"If there *can* be good news," murmured Elsie, who during the long hours of day and night that had seemed to her an eternity of suffering, had looked at life as into an open grave.

The doctor's wife was cautious in bestowing what she had brought. She proceeded to deliver messages from the school-girls, and to strew the counterpane of Elsie's bed with the bouquets her little scholars had sent. By-and-by, however, a package of letters was produced, and at last a missive of more recent date. Fred Arnold was on his way home. He had already reached a village only twenty miles distant; he might be in F—— to-night.

"Coming to-night!" These were the words that lifted the prostrate Elsie, as if some potent magic had made them a staff of strength. "Coming to-night!" she repeated to herself, and refusing all help, she glided to and fro in loving preparation, arranged every thing in order, decorated the room with flowers, and put on the blue dress that was Fred's favorite. All his letters she had read; many of them she had read twice.

"Coming to-night!" she had said to herself for the hundredth time, and hardly could believe its full truth yet, when she became aware of an unusual commotion in the passage leading past her room to the front steps. There, after tea, to enjoy the spring twilight that lingers so long across the prairie plains, loiterers were grouped. She heard the commotion of an arrival, voices of welcome, his voice! The door opened, and she was clasped to her husband's breast.

Minutes of perfect happiness, long as they may last, are brief. Fred had whispered to his wife, "We must never be parted again," and Elsie had said, in her tremulous delight, "Life has come back." And then she lifted her head from her husband's shoulder to take one look at his loved face. And then—

There was—never to be recalled, never to be forgotten—a start of horror, a cry of pain.

Elsie crept back into her husband's arms, cold as an icicle, shivering like a frost-bitten leaf.

"Speak to me, dear Fred, that I may know it is you; speak to me. Let me hear your *voice*."

A sealed letter lay upon Elsie's toilet-table the third day after her husband's return. She found it when, drearily languid from the reaction of an intense excitement, she had arisen too late to be punctual at school, too indifferent to care for the fault. It was as follows:

"Elsie,—I shall have left F—— for St. Louis before you awake and read these lines. I shall walk to R——, and, taking the cars there, journey rapidly, so that by Monday I may be in my place at the law office of ——.

"That I had planned differently I need not tell you. And now one word in justification for all the pain I have occasioned. *I did not realize how much I had changed.* My preoccupied thoughts kept me from knowing that my eyes were still reddened beyond recognition, and my face so rough and sunburned as to mask me to my wife. No friend had mercy enough to tell me.

"Not until I saw your gaze of horror, and felt, in spite of all your efforts to conceal your detestation, that I was no longer lovable in your eyes, did I become aware of the hideous fact.

"I should have left the house that night but for the fear of arousing unhappy remark. By remaining here these three days, I think I have prevented the slightest suspicion of the truth.

"I have said to people interested that you felt in honor bound to continue teaching until the end of the term. You will know I did not intend it to be so. I meant to stay until a substitute could be found, and then take you with me.

"But now do not come to me, Elsie, until I send for you. *Do not write.* Send me every other day a blank page by mail, the semblance of a letter. I will send you the same, so that no heartless eyes or busy tongues may meddle with our—"

Here a word was erased, but Elsie deciphered it "misery." "Affair" had been substituted.

"Remember, if you are tempted to write, I shall not read a word so written, and I make this resolve in good faith, and for your protection as for mine."

No name was signed.

How would it have been possible to Fred to write "your husband" after a cold, hard, repellent address like this? But for the *erased word* Elsie would have torn it into fragments and scattered it to the winds. For the sake of "our misery" she kept the cruel scrawl; kept it through all the miserable weeks that followed, when every *semblance* of a letter, "following close and following closer," more clearly defined those wretched words.

The journey required twenty miles by carriage to the railway station at R——.

"Fred has given special directions," said Elsie, upon whose cheeks burned in two hectic coals the fever of excitement, "that I should stay at R—— overnight, and be rested for to-morrow's journey. He is to meet me at the train that reaches St. Louis at evening."

So far as R—— she was attended by friends, and early the next morning, amidst a throng of affectionate adieux, started onward alone. She saw no face in the car that she knew. Without, the landscape, dulled by clouds that ere long descended in drizzling rain, had no interest. The old lady with a hundred bundles, that came in at the next station and pounced upon the unengaged seat by Elsie's side, and asked as many questions as she had bundles, succumbed to monosyllables. And Elsie gave herself to reverie.

She began by taking a look at the miniature which she forever wore, and by giving a mental thrust at the *bête noire* which a contrast-born association of ideas had attached to this miniature of Fred, a thrust of deadly envy at the miracle Desdemona, who saw her lover's "visage in his mind," she passed to thorny if's of her young life. If we had never been separated, so change would have been gradual, and have given me no shock! If I had only made him know that night it was not him, but that which was not him, that forced me in such terror to cry out! If I could by dying for it take back that cry! Ah, Fate's acoustics are so hard, no cries are ever taken back. If I could but know whether to him, looking deeper than I looked, there was not in my earthliness of vision something which masked my soul from his love more effectually than the marring of his dear face masked him from me! If I could but gather from out the air, as now I rush to him, one word to say 'You are forgiven!' If—" and so on, and so on.

Day declined; the rain ceased; the setting sun sent a glistening sheen across the meadow pools; the cleared atmosphere transmitted upon infinitesimal sparkles a sense of hopefulness and peace. Elsie's reverie glided into sleep.

She was awakened by what seemed to her a piercing shriek.

Darting a glance along the car, she saw two children, who, entering a few stations back in gala dress, had caught her notice; saw one of these, the girl, decked in tinsel and tarlatan, wringing her hands with grief; the other, the boy, lifted in men's arms, wounded, and bleeding at the mouth. She looked out from the car window, and saw two men, savagely hurt, staggering beside a ditch, and near them a sight too dreadful for the light. She heard the piercing shriek that had died away return, shattered into innumerable moans. A sudden pain made her think to press her hand against her temple; her arm was powerless to obey the impulse. With the effort came a sensation of faintness, followed by unconsciousness complete.

At whatever time afterward she became conscious she found herself in a large room, the broad entrance hall of a hotel, lying upon a sofa. People, a number of prostrate people, on litters, on cots, on floor-spread blankets, were around. Among these prostrates moved an anxious crowd, presently dimmed by an overspreading distance; and in that distance, clear and perfect, and oh! not strange, Fred's face bending over her, Fred's voice saying, with an intensity such as nothing gives but the long-pent agony of love wrestling with fate, and treading fate under foot at last,

"My wife! my darling wife!"

Two ladies in the rustling silks and clouding lace of visiting costume came down the flower-vased steps of a spacious house upon the most famous avenue of the West. They entered the carriage that awaited them, and drove in silence many blocks.

At last, and with a sigh, the younger lady said, "You had hardly prepared me for such a wonderful interior."

"It *is* a wonder," said the elder, with an accent of real enjoyment; "so exceedingly rich in details, yet with such quiet unity as a whole! The arrangement of the series of drawing-rooms opening upon a central one is something new with us."

"And significant in this case," suggested her friend, in a tone like pity.

"Yes; and the draperies, especially those portières in three shades of velvet; and the management of light is a study, at evening as well as by day. You should be here, my dear, at one of their exquisite musicales. The objects of art, too!—that one picture by Church is enough in itself to *memorize* a house. Then the marbles! the rare flowers! those great arches of Australian ferns, how can they be kept growing so? And the bronzes! I was perfectly carried away by that bronze of Gérome's 'Cleopatra.' Could there be a more perfect embodiment of Shakspeare's 'Serpent of the Nile?'—a more perfect epitome of the subtle, electric grace of fascination?"

"But to think," said the young lady, "of a superb man like Frederick Arnold tied to a hopeless invalid—a crippled wife! How long did you say? Ten years?"

"Yes; but he adores her. I suppose there is not a happier woman. With the exception, too, of that calamity, their life has been a *romance* of good fortune. And do you know, I think she is singularly interesting. I can understand how a man like Frederick Arnold, standing all day in the vivid arena of his time, using that eloquent voice of his at some strain above all the conflicts—I can understand how he may come home at night to that enshrined wife—"

"Enshrined you may well say," exclaimed the other. "And I am not sure that I ought to pity him. But, upon my word, all the beauty lavished in that house vanished from my eyes, it was so utterly subordinate to that one central couch where his wife lay. I was just impressed with the vague idea that all the joys of life had been knitted into a wreath to hang around—a dying image. Ten years? Well, let me never say again there is no constancy in man."

To which commentary Elsie might have added, "And in all these ten years of devotion, not a word has crossed my husband's lips of that dark night when he came home, loving, and his wife shrank from him as from a stranger."

And Fred might have added, in the simplicity of his loyal heart, "Strange that a woman like my wife, of a soul so infinitely graceful that whatever comes near her is moulded into harmony, and who inspires the homage of the most gifted minds, should be as unconscious of her charm as a little child. I shall never forget—it was a few weeks after we had brought her home, and while there was still some hope of recovery—I heard her say to her physician, 'Can't you possibly, dear doctor, make me well enough to move about? Can't you restore to me a little of a woman's gracefulness? My husband loves me for *my grace*.'"

PERSONAL.

A gentleman connected with Grace Church, in this city, of which the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter is rector, gives us some extraordinary figures connected with that parish. During the year 1873 there was contributed for the religious and benevolent purposes of the parish $215,314 22, and the collection at Easter was about $27,000. In addition to this, and to the usual annual contributions for parish work, Grace Church has during the past five years contributed over $500,000 *for objects outside of its own parish.* It is doubtful if any single congregation in the world can show such munificent gifts during a similar period; and this, we believe, is the first time any allusion has been made to the fact either in the religious or secular press. In 1873 the contributions of Trinity Parish, the wealthiest parish in America, including the parent church and its five chapels, were $57,465 61; but of this $21,470 was an appropriation by the vestry from the income of the real estate owned by the parish, leaving as the actual contribution of the parishioners $36,000. The contributions of other leading Episcopal churches in 1873 were, St. Thomas's, $48,000; Calvary, $71,000; St. George's, $60,000; Atonement (Rev. Mr. Sabine's), $9000.

—The original manuscript of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* was purchased a few days since of Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. (to whom it had been sent for sale) by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The manuscript is composed of blue paper, about eight by nine inches, and blue ink. These sheets are pasted upon white paper, and bound up into two thick quarto volumes. The handwriting is rapid, the lines are crowded together, and the pages are filled with interlineations. This is the only manuscript of Dickens not owned by his biographer, Mr. John Forster. We understand that the price paid for it was about $1250.

—Of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems the best known is *Excelsior*. The word happened to catch his eye late one autumn evening in 1841 on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking the first piece of paper at hand, which happened to be the back of a letter received that night from Charles Sumner, Longfellow crowded it with verses.

—They have some respectable land-holders in Scotland. In Elgin the Earl of Seafield owns 96,721 acres, of the annual value of $105,000; and the Earl of Fife 40,959 acres, of the annual value of $93,000. The two estates embrace nearly half the land of the county. In Forfarshire the Earl of Dalhousie owns 136,602 acres, of the annual value of $275,000; and the Earl of Airlie 65,000 acres, of the annual value of $108,000, the two comprising a third of the county. In Aberdeenshire there are five estates of over 40,000 acres, viz., the Duke of Richmond's, 69,660 acres, annual value $123,000; the Earl of Fife's, 139,829 acres, $88,000; the Marquis of Huntly's, 80,000 acres, $56,000; and Colonel Farquharson's, 87,745 acres, $47,000. The Queen's estate at Balmoral contains 25,350 acres, of the annual value of about $11,000. The Prince of Wales has a paltry 6800 acres, worth $4000 a year, which is hardly worth counting. Land in Texas pays better than that.

—The late William Johnson, of New Haven, bequeathed to the Home Missionary Society $11,000; to the American Board of Foreign Missions, $9000; to the American Bible Society, $10,000; to the Congregational Union, $3000; to the American Missionary Association, $4000. His estate was valued at about $250,000.

—Colonel Chesney, an English officer and author of repute, says, "If Marlborough deserves credit for marching through a peaceful country to the Danube, if Napoleon is exalted because, crossing the Alps, he suddenly placed an army on the Ticino and Po, then also is Sherman entitled to renown for having the brain to conceive and the boldness to execute a great march through a hostile country, which dealt the deadliest blow struck at the Confederacy."

—Professor Snell, of Amherst College, says that his records show that the last April was the coldest one in thirty-six years. What thinketh the professor of May?

—This "personal" is taken from the *Geographical Magazine* for April. It was told at a recent meeting of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, in a paper on the progress of civilization in Japan: A young Japanese, who was sent to America to study, receiving from his government an allowance of $1000 per annum, embraced Christianity and became a Methodist. According to Japanese law, he was punishable by death. Considering he was bound to notify the fact to his government, he wrote home and renounced all further claim to his allowance. The government of Jeddo thereupon instituted inquiries in America into the manner in which the young man was following his studies. The result of these being in his favor, all the reply that he obtained from the Japanese government in answer to his notification was an increase of his annual allowance to $1500.

—England expresses its gratification that Vice-Chancellor Hall has decided in favor of the Baroness de Billing's claim to have the $500,000 settled upon her by her uncle, Mr. Thomas Hope, declared her absolute property, and not under the marital control of her first husband, Admiral Carnegie. The baroness was disinclined for Billing and cooing with the marine hero.

—Gerald Massey delivered his last lecture in this country in Boston on Sunday, and was pleased to observe that he had gathered in some 1500 sequins—let us say $3000—by his talks in America, most of them on spiritualism. He returns to England in a cheery state of mind.

—The Duke of Edinburgh having been presented with a complete set of Beethoven's works by a London musical association, it has been suggested that the Duke should reciprocate by giving them Bach.

—The place of John Stuart Mill in the foreign membership of the French Academy has been accorded to David A. Wells. The only other Americans who have had this honor are Dr. Franklin, Professor Bache, Count Rumford, and Professor Morse.

—Prescott, the historian, when at college was subject to uncontrollable fits of laughter. He once went to the study of the professor of rhetoric to receive a private lesson in elocution, no one else being present. Prescott took his attitude as orator, and began the speech he had committed, but after proceeding through a sentence or two something ludicrous suddenly came across him, and it was all over with him at once. The professor—no laughing man—looked grave, and tried to check him in a tone of severe reprimand. This only seemed to aggravate Prescott's paroxysm, and he tried in vain to beg the professor's pardon, but he could not utter an intelligible word. At last the ludicrousness of the situation seized the professor himself, his features relaxed, and he too began to laugh. The more they looked at each other the more they laughed, each holding his sides, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Of course there was an end of reprimand, and equally an end of declamation. The professor was the first to recover himself, saying, "Well, Prescott, you may go; this will do for to-day."

—Another very old gentleman!—O. H. Rounds, of Mount Tabor, Vermont, over eighty-six years; remembers all the governors of Vermont; has seen most of them; has voted sixty-three years; never played cards, never tobacco'd in any way, never drank any kind of intoxicating tipple, never paid a lawyer's fee or doctor's bill for himself until he was sixty, and never did ever so many of those things that are deemed naughty and damaging to one's constitution, by-laws, and rules of order.

—The manner in which the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States decide cases is said by an intelligent observer at Washington to be something like this: "Imagine quite a family of men, generally portly, and beyond middle life, seated in an old-fashioned room in the old part of the Capitol, with the Chief Justice at the end of the table. He is the moderator and suggester at the ceremony. He says, 'Gentlemen, in the case of Tompkins against the Hudson Canal Company, what shall we do? shall we deny the motion or grant it?' Then, in a good-humored way, the portly Justice Clifford says something sententiously. With a twinkle in his eye the athletic Miller puts in an amendment. The Reverend Greer, who thinks God ought to be in the Constitution, interposes with a stately sentence. He is picked up in no time by the rather merry Bradley, of New Jersey; he illuminates the whole topic, as if he did it by accident. Justice Hunt, a dainty little man, listens to the others, and puts in an interrogatory. This warms up the mercurial Field, who sails right in; and just as things are beginning to look lively the Chief Justice says, 'Gentlemen, I hardly think we will come to any conclusion where there is so much controversy; so suppose we put this matter over until our next Saturday consultation, when we may have arrived at some opinion.' There is probably not a body connected with the government where there is so much humanity, good-fellowship, and sense as in the Supreme Court."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Philadelphia Zoological Society held its annual meeting on the 23d of April. This association, to which have been assigned about thirty-three acres in the great Philadelphia park, and of which it took possession on the 5th of June, 1873, promises soon to constitute an important element in the attractions of Philadelphia. Large numbers of animals have already been brought together, and many more are expected before long. The report of the treasurer was read, to the effect that the gross receipts for the year amounted to about $46,000, of which about six to eight thousand dollars were from income and capital received from life memberships. The expenditures were $35,109 78, leaving a balance of $10,931 12. A committee reports that the sum of $250,000 will be necessary to place the gardens in such a condition as to give assurance of permanent prosperity, which will enable the society to rival others of the same character elsewhere; and from the enthusiasm manifested on the subject, it is quite likely that the whole amount will before long be available. At present the society owns 131 living quadrupeds, 674 birds, and eight reptiles. The superintendent of the gardens has been engaged for some time past in collecting animals for the society in Australia, and is now in India for the same purpose, and in the course of the year extensive collections are expected. The species now on hand include a large proportion of the wild animals of North America.

Although the time has been too short to accomplish a great deal in the way of building, the grounds have been graded, drains and water pipes have been introduced, deer parks constructed; an entrance lodge, monkey-house, and inclosures for buffaloes built; and there are now three large stone bear pits in process of erection, and a brick and iron aviary, an eagle aviary, and other arrangements have been completed, or are under way, for the purposes of the society. A building in the grounds is being converted into a restaurant, and much has been done in planting ornamental shrubbery and improving the roadways.

It is proposed to open the garden about the 1st of June, or within a year from the beginning of the work upon the grounds. The society is authorized to charge twenty-five cents admission, to aid in defraying the expenses of the garden. It is not a public institution, but an association of private parties, without any expectation of profit, however, from the investment. The principal officers elected for the year were Dr. William Camac, president; Dr. John L. Le Conte, corresponding secretary; William S. Vaux, George W. Childs, and other well-known citizens of Philadelphia, as managers.

It behooves the citizens of New York to be on the alert, if they do not wish to be outstripped by Philadelphia in the favorite project of a first-class zoological garden.

The death of Mr. Albert Way, of London, is announced as having taken place in March last, and an elaborate biographical notice appears in the columns of the London *Athenæum*. He is mentioned as one of the most indefatigable of antiquaries, scarcely any object of historical or ethnological inquiry for the past thirty years being unfamiliar to him, or not illustrated by his pen. The publications of the Society of Antiquaries, of the Archæological Institute, and of many others contain the evidences of his activity. Mr. Way was born in 1805, and was consequently nearly sixty-nine years of age at the time of his death.

The Geographical Society of Paris announces the holding of an International Geographical Congress in that city in the spring of 1875, and in connection with it the exhibition of a series of charts, maps, and instruments. The object of the meeting is to discuss the great problems which arise out of the study of the earth. The French government indorses the movement, and will give it its support, and the aid of other governments is also expected. The precise date of opening and the general programme will be announced hereafter.

Dr. Moriz von Jacobi, the inventor of the galvanoplastic method, died at St. Petersburg, March 10, at the age of seventy.

The *Academy* announces the death, at the age of forty-nine, of Louis-Francis Meunier, a distinguished French philologist.

Professor Brünnow, in charge of the chair of astronomy in the College of Dublin, has resigned his position, and an election of his successor was to take place on the 18th of April. The place is worth about £600 sterling per annum, with a house and several acres of land free from rent and taxes. Professor Brünnow is well known in this country, having been at one time in charge of the observatory at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The *Academy* announces the death at Pisa, on the 24th of February, of Baron Heinrich von Maltzan-Penzlin, at the age of forty-eight. This gentleman is not only known as a traveler, but as a naturalist and ethnologist, having been for many years a contributor to Petermann's *Mittheilungen* and other important periodicals. The most important of his works are his *Pilgrimage to Mecca*, *Three Years in Northwestern Africa*, and *Social Pictures from Tunis and Algiers*.

The present president of the Royal Society, Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker, is the first botanist on whom that dignity has been conferred since the time of Sir Joseph Banks.

A valuable contribution in zoology is furnished by a paper published by Mr. Dall, on the birds of the Aleutian Islands, especially of that portion of the region to the west of Oonalaska, embracing the result of observations made during 1873 on board the United States Coast Survey vessel, the *Yukon*. As might have been expected, the great majority of the species are water birds, particularly *Alcadæ*, upon the natural history of which Mr. Dall throws much light, having been the first to collect eggs of several of the species, and observe their habits during the breeding season.

The land birds on these islands are very few in number, consisting of two kinds of hawks, one owl, one swallow, one wren, five finches, the raven, and the ptarmigan. The total number of species enumerated is forty-five.

The German Society for Polar Exploration has, it is said, purchased the harbor of Kristvig, on the island of Averio, on the west coast of Norway, with the intention of making this in future the starting-point of German explorations of the arctic regions.

The Linnæan Society of London has lately been going through a period of internal agitation. At the meeting on the 15th of January the council, in accordance with the by-laws, brought forward for confirmation some alterations in the by-laws which they had already agreed upon, and these alterations were adopted by the necessary two-thirds majority. This decision was, however, protested against on the ground of informality by a section of the fellows present, who also objected to two of the alterations—one transferring the appointment of the librarian from the body at large to the council, and the other enabling the council to elect a paid sub-editor of its proceedings from among the fellows of the society. After one meeting had been prematurely brought to a close by these dissensions, the council summoned a special general meeting for the 5th of March, at which a resolution was passed by a large majority expressive of confidence in the president and council, but requesting the council to obtain legal opinion as to the validity of the alterations in the by-laws. Mr. Bentham has announced his retirement from the presidential chair, after having occupied it for eleven years. His successor, who, according to the traditions of the society, should be a zoologist, will probably be either Mr. Bush or Dr. Allman.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The University of Michigan has taken a decided stand against the foolish and barbarous custom of "hazing." It appears that half a dozen students were, in the first instance, found guilty of engaging in certain degrading brutalities, technically called "hazing," and were suspended by the faculty. About seventy-five others, resenting this exertion of restraining authority, and fancying the rights of students encroached upon, announced that they were participants in similar practices, and demanded that their comrades be pardoned. In reply, the faculty suspended all, both culprits and sympathizers, until the commencement of the next collegiate year. "Hazing" is certainly a disgrace to American colleges, and the example of the faculty of the University of Michigan may well be followed. Why should young men engaged in systematic mental culture foster customs among themselves which, to say the least, are vulgar and degrading?

It is proposed to open a large cemetery for Paris at Méry-sur-Oise. The French do not seem to favor cremation, and it has been calculated that in a very few years there will be no more available space in the six large cemeteries of Paris. Père la Chaise, the largest of the Paris cemeteries, comprises more than one hundred acres of land. It is now urged that such a city as Paris requires a cemetery of about two thousand acres, and that one of this size, which should be suburban, would meet all requirements of a population as large as the present for one hundred and fifty years.

Twenty-seven vessels of war are now being built for the British navy. The largest of these is the *Inflexible*, of 11,165 tons.

Ice will be one of the most expensive luxuries of the summer—and we are promised a hot summer. However, notwithstanding the high price charged by the ice companies, it is said by those who say they know that there is really a good supply of the commodity, although not so large a crop was harvested as there has been in many previous seasons.

Soyer, the famous cook to the London Reform Club, startles the gastronomers of the metropolis with a calculation of the quantity of food consumed by a single person during a lifetime. He depicts a boy of ten years of age carried to the top of a hill, and there presented with a view of the objects that in the course of his lifetime he will have to devour. First there are 30 oxen, then 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 263 pigeons, 140 pounds of salmon, 120 pounds of other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5443 pounds weight of vegetables, 243¾ pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, 4½ tons of bread, about 3000 gallons of tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweetmeats, and hogsheads of wine. This is, after all, only an outline; and Soyer asserts that so far from exaggeration, he has, from experience and observation, made up a scale of food for the day, and for a period of sixty years it amounted to 33¾ tons weight of meat, farinaceous food, and vegetables.

Against these horrifying estimates may well be placed the accounts recently received of Peter Breitter, of Gettysburg, who lived fifty-eight days without partaking of any nourishment except drinking small quantities of cold water; and of Timothy Wheeler, of Waterbury, Vermont, who ten years ago adopted a strictly vegetarian diet, and five years ago became impressed that nature did not require so much liquid to quench thirst as is commonly used. The result has been that the first year thereafter he went thirty-eight days without taking any liquids into his system, the second year seventy days, the third 130, the fourth 170, and up to a recent date he had gone 228 days in the fifth year without drinking any thing whatsoever.

The above, however, are exceptional cases in our country. Our "representative men" are good feeders. Downing, who has for years conducted a restaurant under the hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington, avers that in his apartments ten bushels of oysters are sometimes swallowed in a day. From twelve to twenty roast turkeys, an average of ten roasts of beef, mutton, and ham, about a hundred pies, a peck or so of salads, and apples and oranges by the dozen also find their way down honorable throats. Some assistance, of course, comes from correspondents, clerks, and visitors, but most of the deglutition is by Congressmen. The solids are washed down by several gallons of tea and coffee, and a daily minimum of one cask of ale.

We are informed by an exchange that "Professor Henry has lassoed another comet!" Name not mentioned.

A fish story: "A short time ago a young lady—Miss Annie Olds by name—was riding by the shore of Paper-mill Creek" (which is somewhere in California), "when she happened to espy a splendid specimen of the salmon-trout taking its ease in the stream. She wanted him. She had no line at hand, and could not wait to go for one. Quick as thought she reined her steed toward the stream and plunged in, guiding his steps with such delicate precision that when she wheeled him back to shore, the fish had keeled over and risen to the surface, speared by the calks of the maiden's horse. Miss Olds took the trout home with her, and it weighed twelve pounds." The *Marin County* (California) *News* is responsible for this tale.

A novel application of the telegraph has been devised in France—the transmitting copies of maps and diagrams. A numerally graduated semicircular plate of glass is laid by the telegrapher over the map to be transmitted, and a pencil of mica, attached to a pivoted strip of metal, also divided into numbers, allowed to move over the plate. Looking through a fixed eye-piece, the operator traces out his map on the glass with the adjustable mica pencil, and, noticing the numbers successively touched on the plate and on the moving metal arm, telegraphs them to his correspondent, who, by means of an exactly similar apparatus, is thereby enabled to trace out an exactly similar map.

In Minnesota is a most extensive manufactory of Limburger cheese. One hundred and twenty cows contribute to the formation of the article. It is said that the cheese is considered "ripe" when a piece the size of a bean will drive a dog out of a tan-yard!

Not all passengers across the Atlantic are so fortunately served on the steamers as was Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud, who recently sailed in the *Scotia*. She had reserved for her use a suit of four state-rooms.

The oldest church organ in this country is at St. John's Church, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was imported from England to Boston in 1713. In 1784 it was removed to Newburyport, and afterward to St. John's Church, where it still does good service. The oldest living organist is said to be Mr. S. O. Taylor, of Brooklyn. He is ninety-five years of age, and is blind, and more than sixty years ago conducted the same choruses as now. Five years hence, doubtless, Mr. Taylor will have a benefit concert, and in the course of the performance he should play *Old Hundred*, with all its variations.

Apropos of the anti-inflation cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, the Chicago *Tribune* publishes replies to a circular sent to the press of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, asking how each stood on the question of the President's veto of the Currency Bill. The summary shows that of the 933 papers answering the circular, 514 sustain the veto, 408 oppose it, and eleven are non-committal. Of those sustaining the veto 295 are Republican, to 217 Democratic; and of those opposing the veto 234 are Republican, to 174 Democratic. Indiana, Missouri, and Kansas are the only States where a majority of the papers oppose the veto.

A French journal gives some statistics in regard to the vitality of seeds, which are founded upon trustworthy observations. They may be of service to those who are uncertain whether or not to use old packages of seeds. Seed of artichoke (globe) lasts good for five years; asparagus, four; beans (garden), six; beans (French), two to three; beet, five; cabbage, five; carrot, four; cauliflower, five; celery, seven; cress (garden), five; cress (water), four; cucumber, five; dandelion, one; egg-plant, seven; fennel, six; gourds, five; leeks, two; lettuce, five; maize, two; melon, five; mustard, five; nasturtium, five; onions, two to three; parsnip, one; parsley, three; pease, four to five; pepper (long), four potatoes, three; radish, five; rhubarb, three; salsify, two; spinach, five; strawberry, eight; thyme, two to three; tomato, five; and turnip, five.

"We want more home life, and in order to make this possible our domestic architecture must undergo a change. A dozen large buildings, in good locations and with reasonable rentals, so divided as to afford accommodations for small families, would do more just now for moral reform in New York than the same number of fashionable churches with fashionable and high-priced ministers." So says an exchange. It is most true that homes, comfortable and cheap, are greatly needed. Is it not a good investment for some one to build such houses?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On one occasion during the Revolution "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

Why is a blush like a little girl?—Because it becomes a woman.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

A chap sought shelter of a Boston officer. "See, cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again; an' then my mother died, and my father married again; an' somehow or other, some way I don't seem to have no parent at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

A young lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy:

"My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
But, oh! the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well;
I'm not myself, I'm not the same;
I am, indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all except in name—
Oh, when shall I be changed in THAT?"

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and were to shoot it, would you lick me?" "Oh no, my son; it would show that you are a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Well, then, dad, I peppered our old Muscovy duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

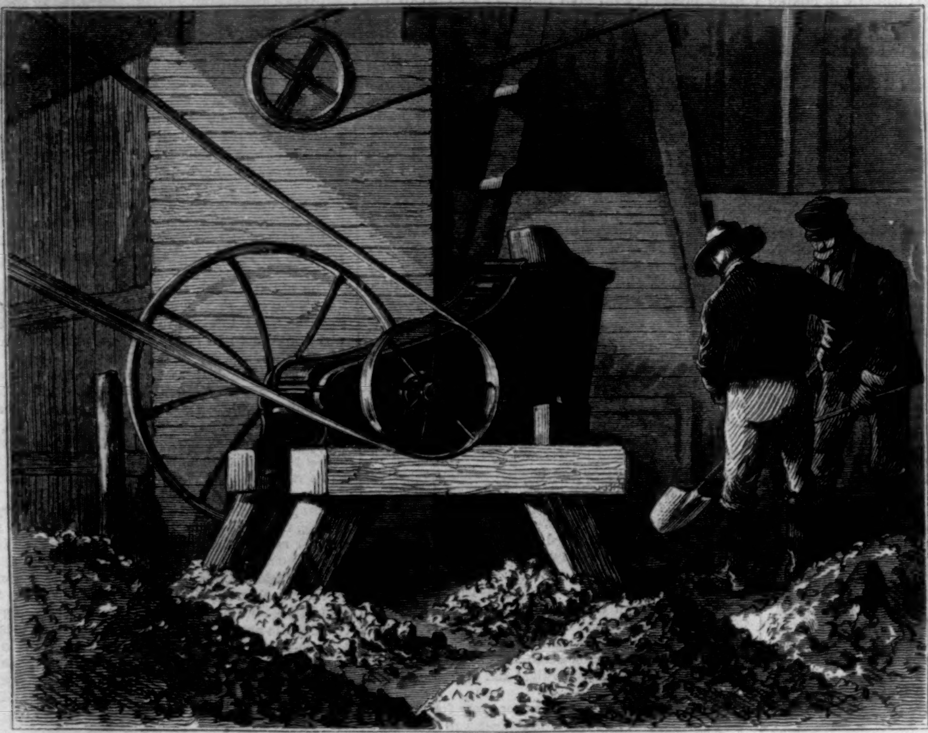
An Irishman, who saw the chimney-piece on fire, which endangered the whole house, ran up to his master with the alarming intelligence. Down rushed the master, and saw a large kettle of boiling water on the fire. "Well, why don't you put the fire out?" "An' sure I can't, Surr." "Why, you fool, pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, Surr."

A man who can have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man, being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner, to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toe, "My dear Sir, are you not a miller?" "No, Sir; why do you ask?" "Why, Sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one too, because you have been grinding my corns this half hour without taking toll."

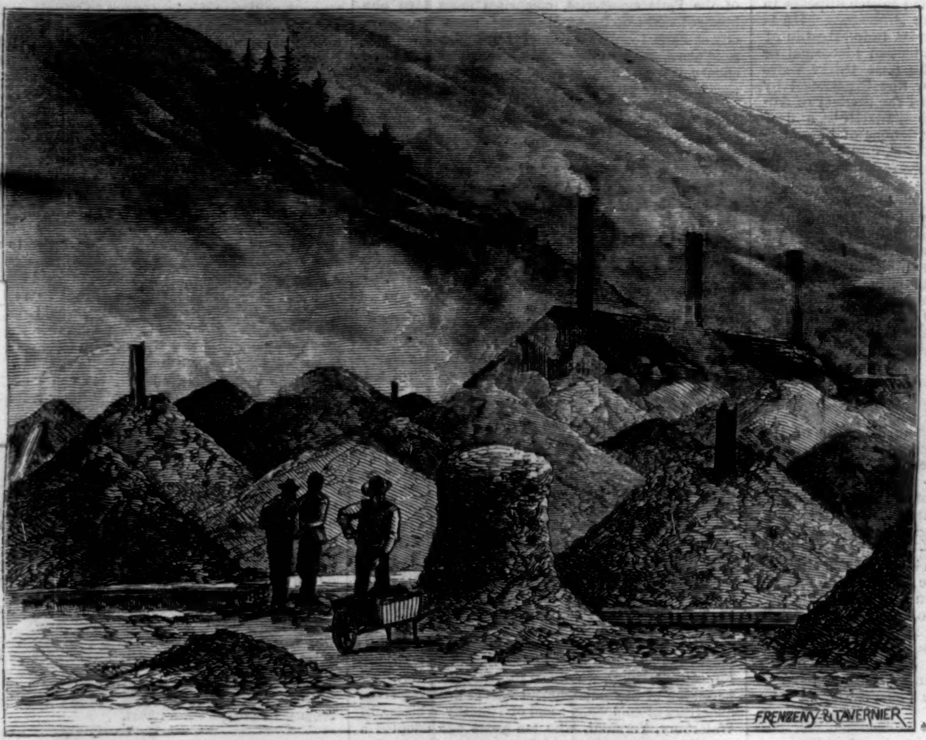
A machine for "pumping" witnesses is among the hydraulics patented last week. The inventor is first cousin to the old man who made leather spikes.

Blue dress-coats, with highly polished brass buttons and silk velvet collars, with holes in the elbows, are said to be much worn.

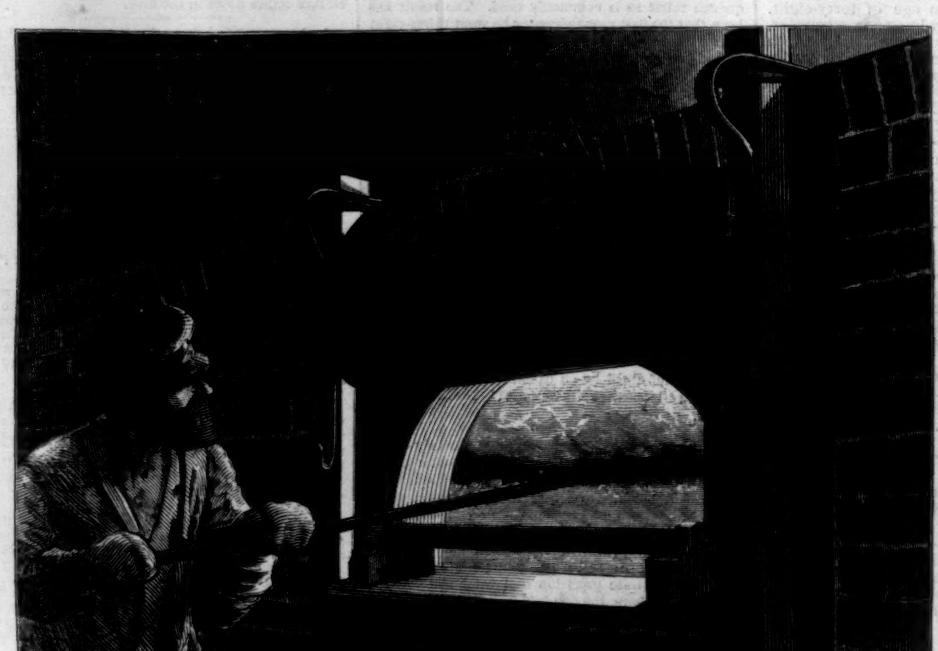
Nothing makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.



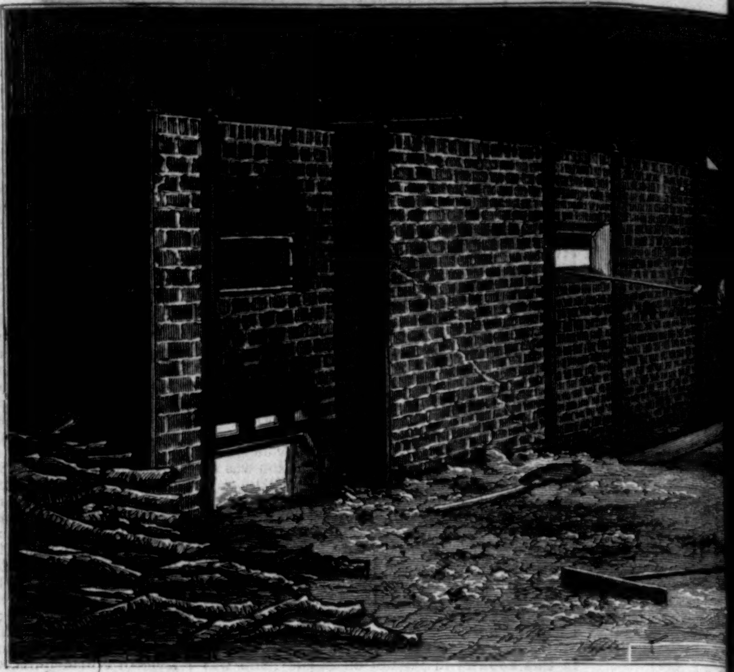
CRUSHING THE ORE.


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

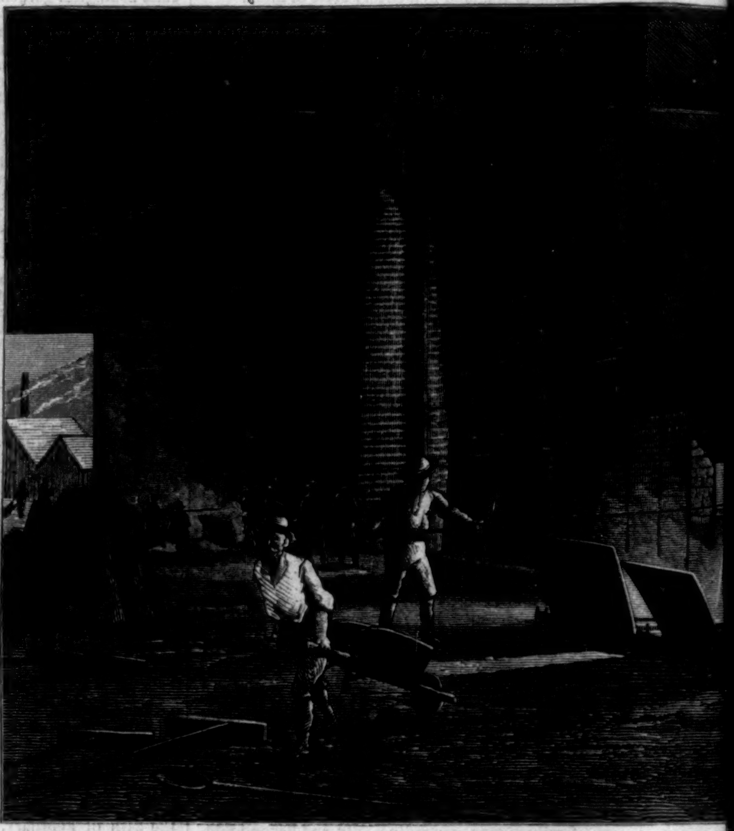
ROASTING THE GOLD AND SILVER ORE.



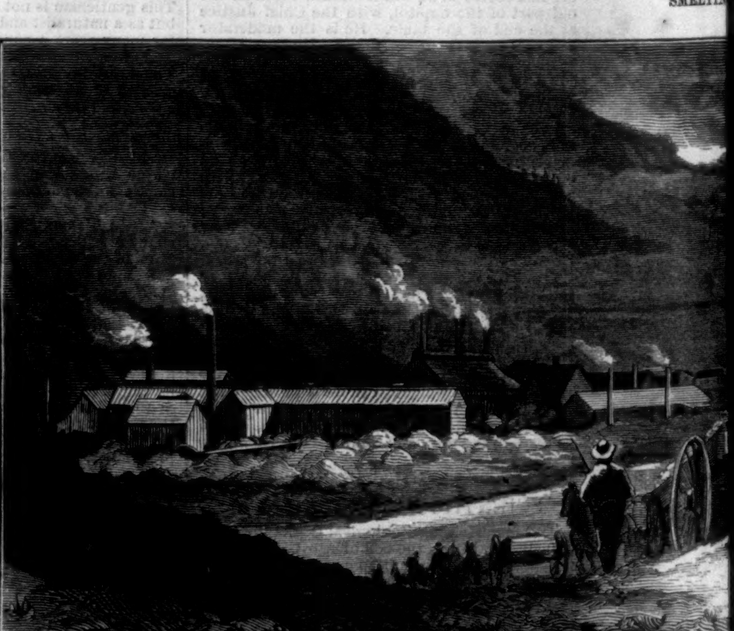
REVERBERATORY FURNACE.



CALCIN

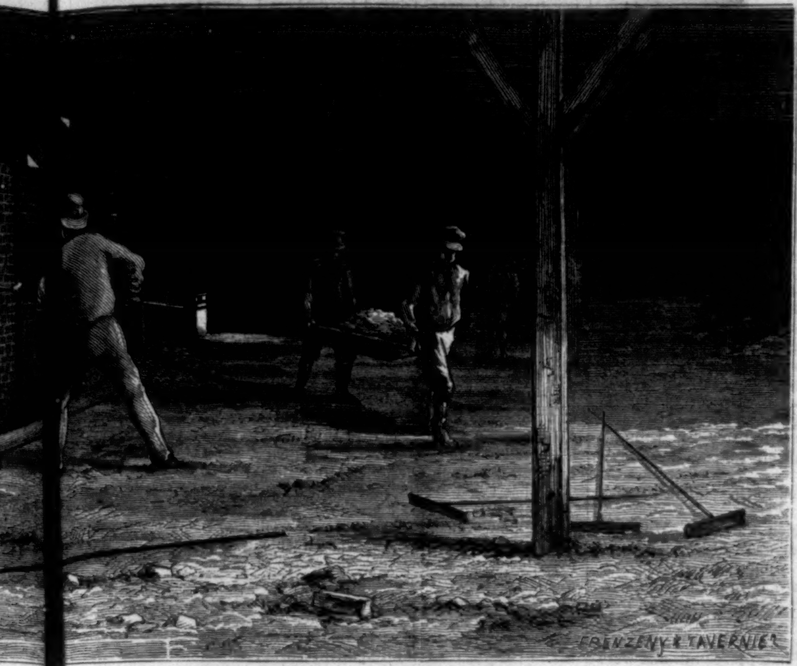


SMELTIN

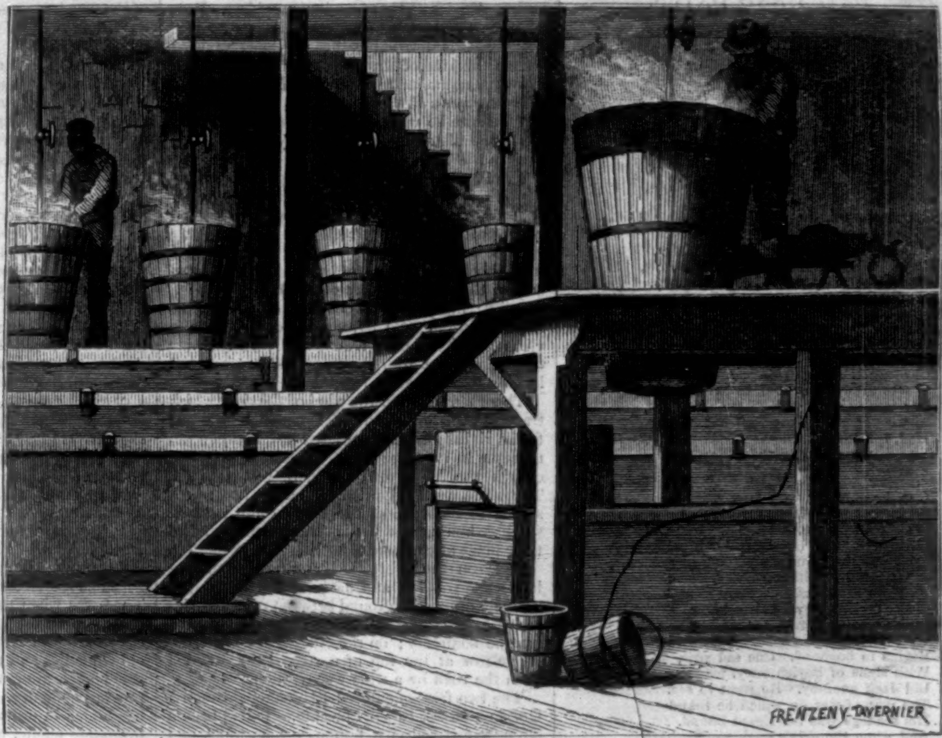


BRINGING ORE

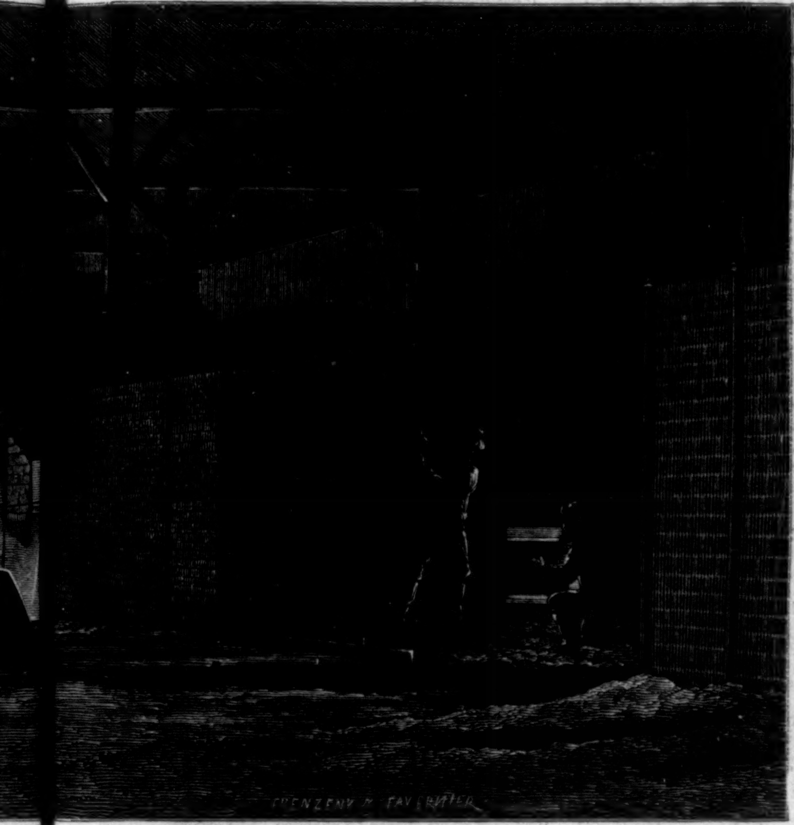
SMELTING ORE IN COLORADO.—DRAWN


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

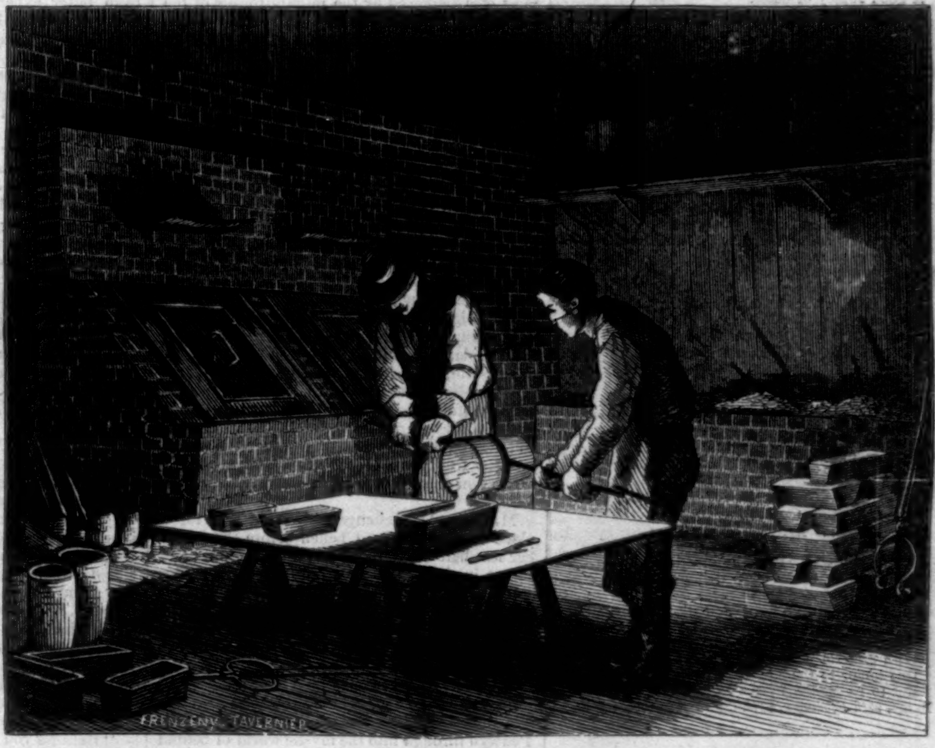
CALCIN FLOORS.


FRENZENY-TAVERNIER

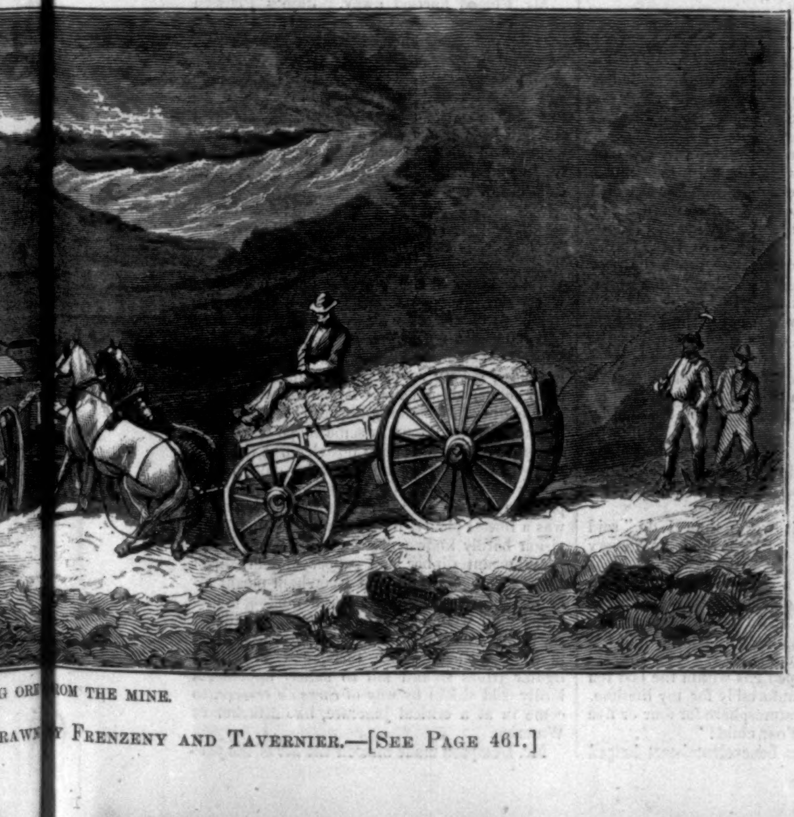
WASHING AND SEPARATING ROOM.


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER

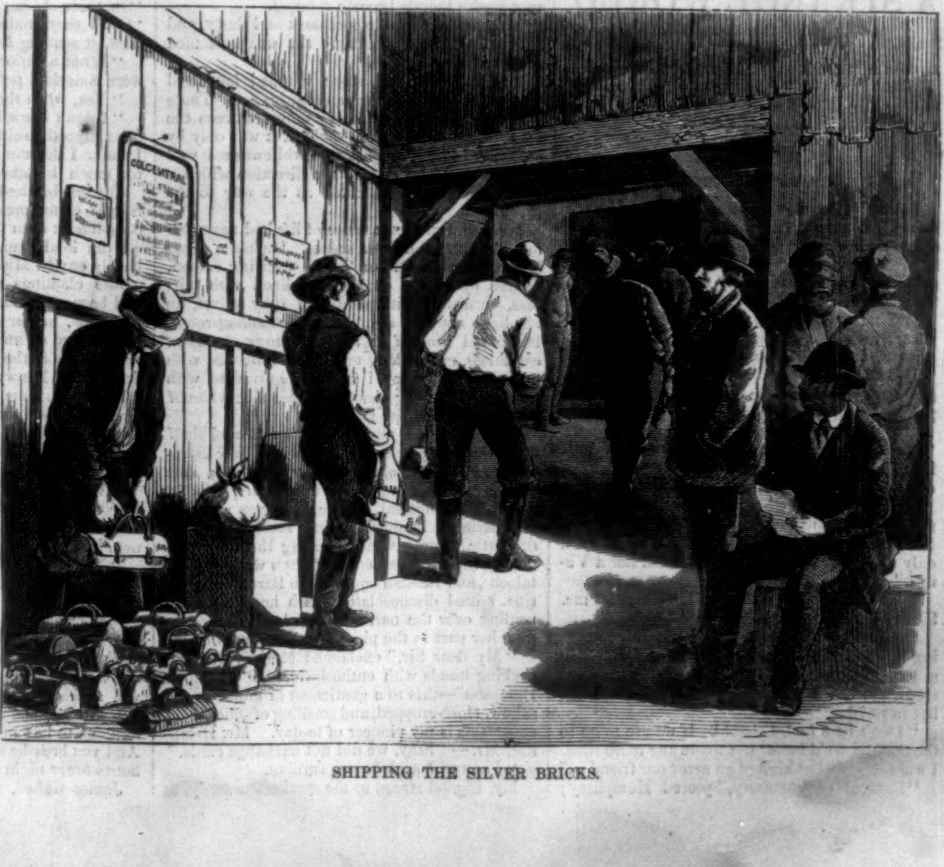
IELTIN FURNACE.


FRENZENY-TAVERNIER

CASTING THE SILVER BRICKS.



G ORE ROM THE MINE.



SHIPPING THE SILVER BRICKS.

RAWN Y FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 461.]

DATES AND DATES.

By LORD LYTTON.

[The following poem was written in reply to the objection raised by *Blackwood* and other critical journals to the auther's novel adaptation of the Fabulist's most ancient art in his recent volume of fables in verse.]

I.

Dates! how we school-boys loved them! Dates,
Not such as those Kenealy hates;
Nor dates of chronologic things,
Laws, battles, and the deaths of kings,
O'er which, alas! with aching brains,
Our masters made us spend such pains!
But those the grocers' shops supply,
Whose golden skins, if somewhat dry,
Have in them hearts still full of honey,
On which we spent our pocket-money.

II.

Not one of all our youthful band
But long'd to see the mystic land,
Of whose enchantments manifold
Our loved Arabian stories told,
Where grew, 'twas said, in sunburnt strength
The golden fruit which here, at length,
The commerce of the East and West
Had, for our special sakes, comprest
In clammy pennyworths of joy.

III.

One, I remember well—a boy
Somewhat the eldest of us all,
Whom we pert youngsters used to call
Cato the Censor (Heaven save him!
Jack was the name his parents gave him),
A worthy lad, without a vice,
And conscientiously precise.
'Twas for the Navy, as we knew
When first he joined our merry crew,
That Jack was destined. That career
Begins in boyhood. One sad year,
With sighs of boyish envy, we
Bid Jack good-by. He went to sea.
The man-of-war on which he found
His sea-legs was for Egypt bound.
And when the ship's cook went ashore,
Jack, mindful of the joys of yore,
Besought the cook to bring him back
A good supply of dates.

IV.

Poor Jack!
Conceive with what dismay'd surprise
Fresh dates as plump as plums he eyes,
When back the ship's cook came with these,
Dewy and dripping from the trees.

V.

"What are these things?" in wrath began
The shock'd Catonian midshipman.
"I ask'd for dates. These are not dates.
Dates should be dry as candied cates,
And press'd, and squeez'd, and closely pack'd
In compass small, with care exact.
These fruits are fresh. Such freshness suits
Mere common ordinary fruits,
Cherries and currants. But things rare,
Old, famous, and remote should bear
Upon their outward form the sign
And impress of their origin.
In short," he added, waxing hot,
"Dates should be all that these are not."

VI.

Thus Jack, who judged of things by rule,
From reminiscences of school,
Wrote to his friends, disconsolate,
That not a single genuine date
Was left in Egypt. "Sad!" he said,
"The age of genuine dates is dead."

MORAL.

"Revere the ancients and their art!"
Revere them? Ay, with all my heart.
What they have done will ne'er again
Be done so well. But why disdain
All fruit that's fresh from living trees,
Even tho' inferior far to these
Choice classic dainties, time hath prest
And pack'd with care, since even their best
Time-ripen'd sweets were raw one day?
With grateful hearts (we fain would say)
Due honor to the ancients give:
But to us moderns leave to live.

Paris, *25th February*, 1874.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Anthor.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovers of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER II.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

James Penwyn and Humphrey Clissold went to the Eborsham Theatre as soon as they had eaten their dinner and smoked a single cigar apiece, lounging by the open window in the gloaming, talking over their afternoon's adventure.

"What a fellow you are, Jim!" cried Humphrey, with a half-contemptuous, half-compassionate air, as for the foolishness of a child. "To hear you go on about that scarecrow of a girl one would suppose you had never seen a pretty woman in your life."

"I never saw prettier eyes," said James; "and she has a manner that a fellow might easily fall in love with—so simple, so childish, so confiding."

"Which means that she gazed with undisguised admiration upon the magnificent Squire Penwyn, of Penwyn Manor. A woman need only flatter you, Jim, for you to think her a Venus."

"That poor little thing didn't flatter me. She's a great deal too innocent."

"No, she only admired you innocently; opening those big blue eyes of hers to their widest in a gaze of rapture. Was it the locket, or the studs, or the mustache, I wonder, that struck her most?"

"Don't be a fool, Clissold. If we are to go to the theatre, we'd better not waste any more time. I want to see what kind of an actor our friend is."

"Student of humanity," jeered Humphrey; "even a provincial player is not beneath your notice. Cuvier was profound upon spiders. Penwyn has a mind of a wider range."

"What is his name, by-the-bye?" mused James, thinking of Mr. Elgood. "We don't even know his name, and we've asked him to supper. That's rather awkward, isn't it?"

"Be sure he will come. No doubt he has already speculated on the possibility of borrowing five pounds from you."

Mr. Penwyn rang the bell, and gave his orders with that easy air of a man unaccustomed to count the cost. The best supper the Waterfowl could provide at half past eleven.

They walked along the lonely country road into Eborsham. The Waterfowl Inn was upon one of the quietest, most obscure roads out of the city; not the great coach road to London, bordered for a mile beyond the town by snug villas and bandboxical detached cottages—orderly homes of retired traders—but a by-road leading to a village or two.

This road followed the wind of the river which traversed the lower end of Eborsham, and it was for its vicinity to the river, and a something picturesque in its aspect, that the two friends had chosen the Waterfowl as their resting-place. There was a small garden behind the inn, which sloped to the edge of the stream, and a rustic summer-house, where the young men smoked their pipes after dinner.

Between the Waterfowl and Eborsham the landscape was low and flat; on one side a narrow slip of marshy ground between road and river, with a scrubby brush here and there marking the boundary; on the other a tall neglected hedge-row at the top of a steep bank, divided from the road by a wide weedy ditch.

The two friends entered Eborsham through a Gothic archway called Lowgate. It had been a strongly fortified city, famous for its walls, and there were several of these stone gateways. The theatre stood in the angle of a small square, almost overshadowed by the mighty towers of the cathedral, as if the stage had gone to the church for sanctuary and protection from the intolerance of bigots.

Here Mr. Penwyn and Mr. Clissold placed themselves among the select few of the dress circle, a cool and airy range of seats, whose sparsely scattered occupants listened with rapt attention to the gloomy prosings of the Stranger. James Penwyn was not ravished by that Germanic drama. Even Mrs. Haller bored him. She dropped her h's, and expressed the emotions of grief and remorse by spasmodic chokings and catchings of her breath. Mr. Penwyn lighted up a little when the Countess appeared, for the Countess had the large, melancholy blue eyes of the girl he had met in the meadow.

Miss Elgood did not look her best on the stage. Tall, slim, and willow-waisted, sharp of elbow, and angular of shoulder, dressed in cheap finery, soiled satin, tarnished silver-lace, murky marabouts, badly painted with two dabs of rouge that were painfully visible upon the pure pale of her young cheeks—artistically Justina was a failure, and feeling herself a failure, suffered from an inability to dispose of her arms, and a lurking conviction that the audience regarded her with loathing.

Mr. Clissold exchanged his front seat for a place on the hindmost bench before the Stranger was half-way through his troubles, and here, secure in the shade, slept comfortably. James Penwyn endured two acts and a half, and then, remembering Mr. Elgood's offer to show him life behind the scenes, slipped quietly out of the dress circle, and asked the box-keeper how he was to get to the side scenes.

That official, sweetened by a liberal donation, unlocked a little door behind the proscenium box—a door sacred to the manager—and let Mr. Penwyn through into the mystic world of behind the scenes. He would hardly have done such a thing under a responsible lessee, but in a commonwealth morals become relaxed.

The mystic world looked dark and dusty, and smelled of gas and dirt, to the unaccustomed senses of Mr. Penwyn.

The voices on the stage sounded loud and harsh now that they were so near his ear. There was hardly room for him to move between the side scenes and the wall—indeed, it was only by screwing himself against this whitewashed wall that he made his way in the direction which a scene-shifter had indicated as the way to the greenroom.

Mr. Penwyn's experience of life had never before led him behind the scenes. He had a vague idea that a greenroom was a dazzling saloon, lighted by crystal chandeliers, lined with mirrors, furnished with divans of ruby velvet, an idealized copy of a club-house smoking-room. He found himself in a small dingy chamber, carpetless, curtainless, uncleanly, furnished with narrow baize-covered benches, garnished with one cloudy looking-glass, on either side whereof flared an unscreened gas-jet.

Here over the narrow wooden mantel-shelf hung casts of pieces in preparation, *Jack Sheppard*, *Delicate Ground*, *Courier of Lyons*, *Box and Cox*, a wide range of dramatic art, calls for next day's rehearsal. Here, in divers attitudes of weariness, lounged various members of the dramatic commonwealth, among them Mr. Elgood, in the frogged coat, crimson worsted pantaloons, and Hessian boots of the Baron, and Justina, seated disconsolately, with her limp satin trailing over the narrow bench beside her, conning her part in the piece for to-morrow night.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed Mathew Elgood, shaking hands with enthusiasm, "this is kind! Dempson"—this to a gentleman in mufti, small, sallow, close-cropped, and smelling of stale tobacco—"this is my pioneer of to-day. Mr. Dempson, Mr.— Stay, we did not exchange cards."

"Penwyn," said James, smiling.

Mr. Elgood stared at the speaker curiously, as if he hardly believed his own ears, as if this name of Penwyn had some strange significance for him.

"Penwyn!" he repeated; "that's a Cornish name, isn't it?"

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen, you may know the Cornish men. There is nothing more Cornish. I was born and brought up near London, but my race belongs to the Cornish soil. We were indigenous at Penwyn, I believe, the founders and earliest inhabitants of the settlement. Do you know Cornwall?"

"Not intimately; merely as a traveler."

"Were you ever at Penwyn?"

"I don't think so; I have no recollection."

"Well, it's a place you might easily forget; not a promising locality for the exercise of your art. But you seemed struck by my name just now, as if you had heard it before."

"I think I must have heard it somewhere, but I can't recall the occasion. Let that pass!" And with a majestic wave of the hand Mr. Elgood performed the ceremony of introduction.

"Mr. Dempson, Mr. Penwyn. Mr. Dempson is our sometime manager, now a brother professional. He has resigned the round and top of sovereignty, and the carking cares of Saturday's treasury."

Mr. Dempson assented to this statement with a plaintive sigh.

"A harassing profession, the drama, Mr. Penwyn," he said. "The many-headed is a monster of huge ingratitudes." James bowed assent.

"The provincial stage is in its decline, Sir. Time was when this very theatre could be kept open for ten consecutive months in every year, to the profit of the manager, and when the good old comedies and the Shakspearean drama were acted week after week to an intelligent and approving audience. Nowadays a man must rack his brains in order to cater for a frivolous and insatiable public, which has been taught to consider a house on fire or a railway smash the end and aim of dramatic composition. I speak from bitter experience. My grandfather was manager of the Eborsham circuit, and retired with a competency. My father inherited the competency, and lost it in the Eborsham circuit. I have been cradled in the profession, and have failed as manager, with credit to my head and heart, as my friends have been good enough to observe, some three or four times, and now hang on to dramatic art, quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail in monumental armor. That's what I call the decline of the drama, Mr. Penwyn."

James assented, and was not sorry that Mr. Dempson, having vented his woe, went off to dress for the afterpiece.

"What a melancholy person!" said James.

"An excellent low comedian," replied Mr. Elgood. "You'll hear the people screaming at him in the *Spitalfields Weaver* by-and-by. His business with the tea and bread and butter is the finest thing I ever saw, not second to Wright's. Indeed"—as an after-thought—"I believe it is Wright's business."

"Then it can hardly claim the merit of originality."

"Genius, Mr. Penwyn, finds its material where it can."

"Baron!" screamed a small boy, putting his head in at the door.

"My scene!" exclaimed Mr. Elgood, and vanished.

James seated himself on the narrow bench beside Justina.

"I have been in the boxes to see you act," he said, in that gentle winning voice which had made him a favorite among women. To Justina it sounded fresh as a voice from another world. No one in her world spoke like that, in tones so deferential, with accents so pure.

"I am very sorry for it," said Justina.

"Sorry! but why?"

"Because you must hate me. The audience always do hate me. I feel it in their looks—feel it freezing me directly I go on the stage. 'Oh, there *she* is again!' they say to themselves. 'Can't they manage to get through the piece without sending *her* on?'"

"What a curious notion! I thought actresses were conceited people."

"Yes, when they are favorites."

"I don't know about the rest of the audience, Miss Elgood," said James, almost tenderly, "but I know I did not hate you—my feelings leaned too much the other way."

Justina blushed through those two dabs of rouge: compliments were so new to her, and a compliment from this elegant stranger was worth all the loud praises of the vulgar herd. She hardly envied Miss Villeroy—the leading lady—whose chokings and sobbings in Mrs. Haller had been applauded to the echo, while the poor Countess, in her draggle-tailed sky-blue satin, had walked on and off unnoticed.

"So this is the way you enjoy the legitimate drama, Mr. Penwyn," said a sonorous voice—the full rich baritone of Humphrey Clissold—and, looking up, James and Justina beheld that gentleman watching them from the doorway.

"I left *you* asleep," replied James, abashed by his friend's advent.

"Yes, sneaked off and left me to grope my way to this abominable den as best I could. I beg your pardon, Miss Elgood, but it really is a den."

"You can't hate it worse than I do," said Justina, "or so badly: I have to sit here every night."

"Poor child! It's a strange life—and a hard one. Seen from the outside, there seems a not unpleasant Bohemian flavor about it, but when one comes behind the scenes the Bohemian flavor appears to be mainly dirt. I've inhaled enough dust and escaped gas within the last ten minutes to last me comfortably for my lifetime. And you breathe this atmosphere for four or five hours every night! Poor child!"

James sighed. His benevolent heart longed to rescue the girl from such a life—a girl with pensive violet eyes, fringed by darkest lashes; soft brown hair, so luxuriant that it made a crown of plaits upon the well-shaped head—altogether a girl whom benevolence would fain benefit.

"Come, Jim," said Clissold, who had a knack of reading his friend's thoughts, "you've seen enough of behind the scenes."

"No, I haven't," answered James, sturdily, as the Countess ran off to act her part in the close of the play. He was wont to be plastic as wax in the hands of his guide, philosopher, and friend, but to-night there glowed a spark of rebellion in his soul. "I am going to stop to see Mr. Elgood, and to ask him to bring his daughter to supper."

"Bring his daughter! To visit two young men at a roadside inn?"

"Honi soit," said James. "Can a girl be safer any where than with her father?"

"Look here, Penwyn," said Clissold, earnestly: "I've made it the business of my life for the last two years to keep you in the straight path. I won't have you kicking over the traces for any blue-eyed chit in the universe. Remember what I promised your poor mother, Jim?"

"That you'd act the part of an elder brother—supply the balance of good sense wanting to my shallow brains. That's all very well, Humphrey. I always respected my poor mother's ideas, even when they took the shape of prejudices. But a man must enjoy his life."

"Yes, but he is bound to enjoy life with the least possible injury to other people."

"Whom am I going to injure?" demanded Mr. Penwyn, with an impatient shrug, as he moved toward the wings.

"You are putting foolish ideas into that poor child's head."

"What nonsense! simply because I am civil to her. I mean to ask her to supper, whether you like it or not."

"I hope her father will have the sense to refuse."

"If you come to that, I'll invite the whole company," cried the spoiled child of fortune.

The curtain came down at this moment, and Mr. Elgood returned to the greenroom, unbuckling his sword-belt as he came along.

"I waited to remind you of your promise to sup with us to-night, Mr. Elgood," said James.

"My dear Sir, it is not an engagement to be forgotten. I shall be there."

"Will half past eleven be too early?"

"No; the *Stranger* has played quick to-night, and the afterpiece is short. I shall be there."

"Miss Elgood will accompany you, I hope."

"Thanks, no. The proprieties would be outraged by her appearance at a bachelor's table. The only lady present."

"We could easily remedy that, if any other lady in the company would honor us."

"Upon my word you are very kind, and I know the child would consider it a treat. If you put the question in such a friendly manner, I feel sure that Mr. and Mrs. Dempson would be delighted to join us."

"Pray bring them. Is Mrs. Dempson also dramatic?"

"You have seen her to-night in one of her greatest parts—Mrs. Haller."

"I thought the lady was a Miss Villeroy."

"Her professional name merely. Joe Dempson and Miss Villeroy have been united in the sacred bonds of matrimony for some years."

"I shall be charmed to make the lady's acquaintance. You know your way to the Waterfowl?"

"It is familiar to me as the path of my infancy."

"And you'll be sure to bring Miss Elgood?"

"Judy shall come without fail."

"Judy?"

"The pet name chosen by affection. She was christened Justina. Pardon me if I leave you hastily. I play in the next piece."

Mr. Elgood hurried away. James Penwyn glanced at his friend with the glance of triumph.

"Out of leading-strings, you see, Humphrey," he said.

Humphrey Clissold shrugged his shoulders and turned away with a sigh. James, more touched by silence than reproof, put his arm through his friend's with a gay laugh, and they went out of the greenroom and out of the theatre together, arm in arm, like brothers who loved each other.

CHAPTER III.

GLAMOUR.

The supper at the Waterfowl was a success. Every one, except perhaps Clissold, was in the humor to be pleased with every thing, and even Clissold could not find it in his heart to make himself vehemently disagreeable amidst mirth so harmless, gayety so childishly simple. To an actor supper after the play is just the one crowning delight of life—that glimpse of paradise upon earth which we all get in some shape or other—a supper at a comfortable hostelry like the Waterfowl, where the landlord knew how to do things in good style for a customer who could pay the piper. In this northern district there was a liberal plenty, a bounteous wealth of provision hardly known elsewhere. Tea at Eborsham meant dinner and supper and breakfast rolled into one. Supper at Eborsham meant aldermanic barn-door fowls, and a smoking home-cured ham weighing five-and-twenty pounds or so, lobsters nestling among crisp green lettuces, pigeon-pie, cheese-cakes, tarts, and, lest these lighter trifles should fail to satisfy appetite, a lordly cold sirloin by way of *corps de reserve*, to come in at a critical juncture, like Blücher at Waterloo.

Mr. Dempson made himself the life of the party. The small melancholy man who had bewailed the decline of the drama vanished altogether at sight of that plenteously furnished supper-table, and in his place appeared a jester of the first water—so James Penwyn thought, at any rate, as he laughed, "with youth's silver-clear laughter," at the low comedian's jokes. Even Miss Villeroy was sprightly, though she had a worn look about the eyes, as if she had aged herself prematurely with the woes of Mrs. Haller and other heroines of tragedy. Justina sat next to James Penwyn, and was supremely happy, though only an hour ago she had shed tears of girlish shame at the idea of coming to a supper-party in her threadbare brown merino gown—last winter's gown—which she was obliged to wear in the warm glad spring for want of fitter raiment. No one thought of her shabby gown, however, when the pale young face brightened and flushed with unwonted pleasure, and the large, thoughtful eyes took a new light, and darkened to a deeper gray.

James Penwyn did his uttermost to make her happy and at ease, and succeeded only too well. There is no impression so swift and so vivid as that which the first admirer makes upon a girl of seventeen. The tender words, the subdued tones, the smiles, the praises, have such a freshness. The adulation of a Cæsar in after-years would hardly seem so sweet as these first flatteries of commonplace youth to the girl on the threshold of womanhood.

Mr. Elgood saw what was going on, but was by no means alarmed by the aspect of affairs. He felt himself quite able to take care of Justina, even if Mr. Penwyn had been a hardened libertine instead of a kind-hearted youth fresh from the university. He had no desire to stifle admiration which might mean very little, but which would most likely result in liberal patronage for his own benefit and a trifling present or two for Justina, a ring, or a bracelet, or a box of gloves.

"I don't want to stand in Justina's light," mused Mr. Elgood, as he leaned back in his chair and sipped his last glass of Champagne, when the pleasures of the table had given way to an agreeable sense of repletion.

"What did that gypsy woman mean by the line of life and the planets?" asked Justina. She had lost all sense of shyness by this time, and she and James were talking to each other in lowered voices, as much alone as if the rest of the party had been pictures on the wall. Humphrey marked them as he sat a little way apart from the others smoking his black-muzzled pipe.

"Pshaw! only the professional jargon. What does she know of the planets?"

"But she stared at your hand in such a curious way, and looked so awful that she frightened me. Do tell me what she meant."

James laughed, and laid his left hand in Justina's, palm upward. "Look there," he said. "You see that line, a curve from below the first finger to the base of the thumb; that is to say, it should go to the base of the thumb, but in my hand it doesn't. See where the line disappears midway, just by that seam left by my pocket-knife. You can see nothing beyond that line."

Justina closely scrutinized the strong unwrinkled palm.

"What does that mean?" she asked. "I don't understand even now."

"It means a short life and a merry one."

The rare bloom faded from Justina's cheek.

"You don't believe in that," she said, anxiously.

"No more than I believe in gypsies, or spirit-rappers, or the cave of Trophonius," answered James, gayly. "What a silly child you are to look so scared!"

Justina gave a little sigh, and then tried to smile. Even this first dawn of a girlish fancy, airy as a butterfly's passion for a rose, brought new anxieties along with it. The gypsy's cant was an evil omen that disturbed her like a shapeless fear. Women resemble those mediæval roisterers of whom the old chronicler wrote. They take their pleasure sadly.

The moon was at the full. There she sailed, a silver targe, above the distant hill-tops. James looked up at her, looked into that profound world above, which draws the fancies of youth with irresistible power. The room opened on the garden by two long windows, and the one nearest to Mr. Penwyn's end of the table stood open.

"Let us get away from the smoke," he said, vexed to see Clissold's eyes upon him, fixed and gloomy. The room was tolerably full of tobacco by this time, and Mr. Elgood was urging Mr. Dempson to favor the company with his famous song, "The Ship's Carpen*teer*."

"Come into the garden, Maud," said James, gayly, flinging a look of defiance at his monitor.

Justina blushed, hesitated, and obeyed him. They went out into the moon-lit night together, and strolled side by side across the rustic garden, a slope of grass on which the most ancient of apple-trees, and pear-trees big enough to have been mistaken for small elms, cast their crooked shadows. It was more orchard than garden; pot-herbs grew among the rose-bushes on the border by the boundary hedge, and on one side of the inn there was a patch of ground that grew cabbages and broad beans, but all the rest was grass and apple-trees.

At the edge of that grassy slope ran the river, silver-shining under the moon. Eborsham, seen across the level landscape, looked a glorified city in that calm and mellow light. The boy and girl walked silently down to the river's brim, and looked at the distant hills and woods, scattered cottages with lowly thatched roofs and antique chimney-stacks, and here and there the white walls of a mansion silvered by the moon, dominating all in sublime and gloomy grandeur the mighty towers of the cathedral, God's temple, rising like fortalice and sanctuary above all human habitations, as of old the Acropolis.

Justina gazed, and was silent. It was one of those rare moments of exaltation which poets tell us are worth a lifetime of sluggish feeling. The girl felt as if she had never lived till now.

"Pretty, isn't it?" remarked James, very much in the tone of Brummel, who, after watching a splendid sunset, was pleased to observe, "How well he does it!"

"It is too beautiful," said Justina.

"Why too beautiful?"

"I don't know. It hurts me somehow like actual pain."

"You are like Byron's Lara:

> 'But a night like this,
> A night of beauty, mocked such breast as his.'

I hope it is not a case of bad conscience with you, as it was with him."

"No, it is not my conscience. The worst I have ever done has been to grumble at the profession, and though father says it is wicked, the thought of my wickedness has never troubled me. But to me there's something awful in the beauty of night and stillness, a solemnity that chills me. I feel as if there were some trouble hanging over me, some great sorrow. Don't you?"

"Not the least in the world. I think moonlight awfully jolly. Would you much mind my lighting a cigar? You'll hardly feel the effects of the smoke out here."

"I never feel it any where," answered Justina, frankly. "Father hardly ever leaves off smoking."

There was a weeping-willow at the edge of the garden, a willow whose lower branches dipped into the river, and just beside the willow a bench, where these two seated themselves in the full glory of the moon. A much better place than the dusky summer-house, which might, peradventure, be a harbor for frogs, snails, or spiders at that late hour. They sat by the river's brim and talked—talked as easily as if they had a thousand ideas in common, these two, who had never met until to-day, and whose lives lay so far apart.

They had youth and hope in common, and that bond was enough to unite them.

James asked Justina a good many questions about stage life, and was surprised to find the illusions of his boyhood vanish before stern truth.

"I thought it was such a jolly life, and the easiest in the world," he said. "I've often fancied I should like to be an actor. I think I could do it pretty well. I can imitate Buckstone and Charles Mathews."

"Pray don't think of it," exclaimed Justina. "You'd be tired to death in a year."

"I dare say I should. I'm not much of a fellow for sticking to any thing. I got 'plowed' a year ago at Oxford, and now I've been trying to read with Clissold, walking through England and Wales, and putting up at all the quietest places we can find. Clissold is a first-rate coach, and it won't be his fault if I don't get my degree next time. How do you like him?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought about him," answered the girl, simply. This younger and fairer stranger had made her oblivious of Humphrey Clissold, with his tall, strong frame, dark, penetrating eyes, and broad brow. Too manly a man altogether to be admired by a girl of seventeen.

"He is as good a fellow as ever breathed: a little bitter, perhaps; but most wholesome things are bitter," said James. "He has his crotchets. One is that I am to be a model master of Penwyn by-and-by, go into Parliament, marry an heiress—set up as a fine old English gentleman, in fact. Rather a wearisome *metier*, I should think. The worst of it is he keeps it continually before my mind's eye, is always reminding me of how much I owe to Penwyn Manor and my race, and won't let me get much enjoyment out of youth's brief holiday. He's a good fellow; but I might love him better if I didn't respect him so much. He was a great favorite of my poor mother's—a romantic story, by-the-way. She was engaged to Humphrey's father some years before she married mine. He was a captain in the East India Company's service, and fell fighting the niggers at Gujerat. Years afterward, when my father was dead and gone, Clissold and I met at Eton. My mother burst into tears when she heard my school-fellow's name, and asked me to bring him to see her. Of course I obeyed, and from that time to the day of her death my mother had a second son in Humphrey. I think she loved him as well as she loved me."

"And you were never jealous?"

"No; I was too fond of both of them for that. And then my dear mother was all love, all tenderness. I could afford to share her affection with my adopted brother. And now tell me something about your own life."

"There is so little to tell," answered the girl, drearily. "Ever since I can remember we have lived the same kind of life—sometimes in one town, sometimes in another. When father could afford the money he used to send me to a day school, so I've been a little educated somehow, only I dare say I'm very ignorant, because my education used to stop sometimes, and by the time it began again I had forgotten a good deal."

"Poor child!" murmured James, compassionately. "Is your mother still living?"

"She died three years ago. She had had so much trouble, it wore her out at last." And Justina paid her dead mother the tribute of a hidden tear.

"I say, Jim, do you know that it is half past two o'clock, and that Mr. Elgood is waiting for his daughter?" asked the voice of common-sense, in the tones of Humphrey Clissold.

The two children started up from the bench by the willow, scared by the sudden question. There stood Mr. Clissold, tall and straight and severe-looking.

"I heard the cathedral clock a few minutes ago, and I am quite aware of the time. If Mr. Elgood wants his daughter, he can come for her himself," replied James.

Mr. Penwyn was resolved to make a stand against his mentor, and he felt that now was the time for action.

Mr. Elgood and Mr. Dempson came strolling out into the garden, cigars in their mouths. Penwyn's choicest brand had been largely sacrificed at the altar of hospitality.

"Judy, have you forgotten the time?" asked the heavy father, with accents that had a legato sound—one syllable gliding gently into another—a tone that was all sweetness and affection, though indistinct.

"Yes, father," answered the girl, innocently. "It's so beautiful out here."

"Beautiful!" echoed the father, thickly. "Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with—what's its names—of bright gold. Come, Jessica—Judy—put on your bonnet and shawl. Mrs. Dempson has been fast asleep for the last half hour. But look! The moon, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill, which reminds me that we have nearly a mile to walk before we get home."

"I'll go with you," said James. "I want to arrange about to-morrow. We must make up a jolly party for the races. I'll get a roomy carriage that will hold all of us."

"I haven't seen a race in any thing like comfort for the last fifteen years," responded Mr. Elgood.

"We'll make a day of it; Clissold and I will come to the theatre in the evening."

"Make your own engagements, if you please, James, and allow me to make mine," said Mr. Clissold. "I shall not go to the races to-morrow—or if I do, it will be by myself, and on foot; and I shall not go to the theatre in the evening."

"Please yourself," answered James, offended.

They were all ready by this time. Mrs. Dempson had been awakened, and shaken out of the delusion that she had fallen asleep on the sofa in her own lodgings, and somewhat harshly reminded that she had a mile or so to walk before she could obtain complete repose. Mr. Dempson had finished his cigar, and accepted another as solace during the homeward walk. Justina had put on her shabby little bonnet and mantle: every one was ready.

The players took their leave of Humphrey Clissold, who was but coldly civil. James Penwyn went out with them, and gave his arm to Justina, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. They walked on in front, the other three straggling after them—walked arm in arm along the lonely foot-path, the low murmur of the river sounding near, the stream showing silvery now and again between a break in the screen of alders.

They talked as they had talked in the garden—about each other, their thoughts and fancies, hopes, dreams, imaginings.

O youth! O glamour! Strange world, in which for the first bright years we live as in a dream! Sweet dawn of life, when nothing in this world seems so real as the hopes that are never to know fruition!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday, 20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday, 21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday, 21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Thursday, 21.—Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, Springfield, Missouri.
Friday, 22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday, 27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

JUNE.

Sunday, 7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday, 3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

The fraternal delegates of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Louisville, had a very hearty reception on the 8th of May. Their addresses elicited much applause. Dr. Hunt said, in explanation of the object of the visit, "We desire the opening of fraternal relations. Our wish is that these relations should rest on no basis but that which is fully honorable to us both." Dr. Fowler closed his address by saying, "Leaving organic union as a question of the future, let us make the union of our hearts the question of to-day." General Fisk, whose speech effervesced with humor, testified that he had been so "drawn hither and thither, and pulled about from place to place," by the generous hospitality of his hosts, that he was the first real victim of "*disintegration and absorption.*" Speaking of Commodore Vanderbilt's munificent contribution to Southern education, he told this incident: "By-the-way, I saw the old Commodore some time ago, and said, 'God bless you, Commodore.' He answered, 'Heigh, what's the matter now?—been making any thing out of Western Union?' 'No,' said I, 'but for giving my Southern brethren $500,000 to aid them in establishing a university.'" (Applause.)

The fact that anniversary week has declined in importance is no evidence whatever of the decline of the great societies that have selected the month of May for rendering an account of their work. The speech-making has worn out, but the Christian enterprises go forward with undiminished vigor. The American Seamen's Friend Society has employed during the year forty-four chaplains and missionaries, has sent out 844 libraries on merchant vessels carrying 11,949 men, and 828 on vessels of the United States navy carrying 94,435 men. The Sailors' Home in this city has accommodated 2616 boarders, who deposited with the superintendent $42,722, the most of which was forwarded to relatives and friends. The expenditures during the year have been $66,447; receipts, $69,931.

Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey was re-elected president of the American Home Missionary Society at the annual meeting on the 13th of May. The society has maintained during the year 969 ministers, who have supplied preaching to 2195 congregations. Fifty-seven churches have been organized, forty-seven houses of worship completed, and 5421 persons have been added to the rolls of membership. The total receipts have been $287,662; expenditures, $290,120, leaving $12,652 still due to missionaries for labor performed.

The Hon. William Strong, the successor of Bishop M'Ilvaine, presided at the annual meeting of the American Tract Society. The past year has been a prosperous one for this charity; as many as 174 new publications have been issued, sixty-four of them volumes. The society sustains six periodicals, of which two are illustrated; the average monthly circulation of the whole six is 700,000 copies. Two hundred and twenty-five colporteurs have been employed in thirty-six States and Territories, who have visited 201,265 families. The receipts have been $148,801; sales, $391,013—making, with balances on hand and rents, a total of $552,391; expenditures, $551,545.

The receipts of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions during the year ending May 1 have been $495,547, which is $4000 in advance of the year preceding. The expenditures have not exceeded the receipts. The debt, amounting to $128,695, has been paid within $4531 by the free offerings of the churches. It will be remembered that a large sum toward its liquidation was pledged at one of the sessions of the General Assembly. The receipts of the various women's societies of the Church have been about $87,000. The increase of members in the foreign fields has been twenty-five per cent. on the previous membership.

The annual meeting of the American and Foreign Christian Union was held on May 12. The receipts during the year have been $25,952; expenditures, $21,359. Stations for home mission work have been established during the year in the Western States.

The American Catholic pilgrims left this port on Saturday, May 16, for Lourdes and Rome. The company numbered about one hundred, among whom were not a few ladies, and represented twenty-eight dioceses. The colored Catholics of Louisville have sent their pastor, Father De Meulder, as their delegate. The pilgrims do not go empty-handed, but carry with them large contributions from American Catholics to the Pope. A reception was given them in this city on the evening of May 14.

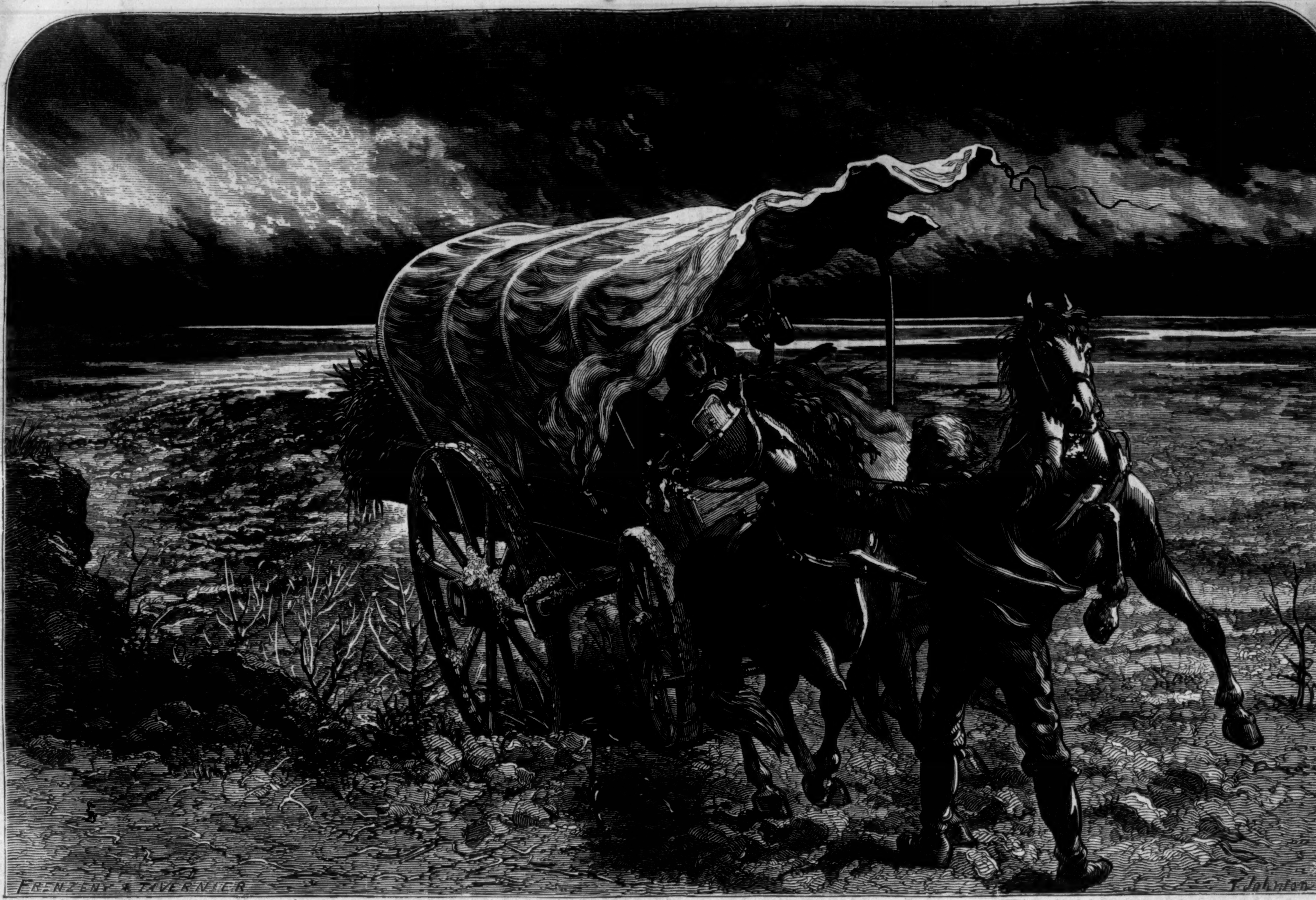
The American Congregational Union held its twenty-first meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle of this city on Thursday, May 14. The receipts during the year have been $61,184, and the expenditures $60,580. Grants in aid of erection have been made during the year to forty-six churches; something has also been done for the supplying of pastors' libraries with important publications. The Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., was elected president for the coming year. After the business meeting a social reunion was held, which was, as usual, very enjoyable.

The National Temperance Society held its annual meeting on Monday, May 11. The receipts for the year have been $57,293; expenditures, $57,335; the present debt is $9000. The publications have amounted, for all kinds, to 27,540,177 pages. Strong resolutions in favor of prohibition, and calling for national legislation, were adopted.

It is something new for a great religious body to hold its annual assembly in Texas, but the fact is one of good omen. Texas has an area equal to that of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania all put together; its population is about one and a half millions, and it is growing with great rapidity. The Southern Baptist Convention has selected Jefferson, in that State, for its place of meeting, and opened its sessions on the 7th of May. The Rev. James P. Boyce, of South Carolina, was elected president, with numerous vice-presidents.

The second Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church was opened in this city on Wednesday, May 13. The sermon was preached by Bishop Charles E. Cheney; Bishop Cummins was elected permanent chairman. Seventeen clerical and nineteen lay delegates were present; the lay delegates represented eight churches. The committee appointed in December to draft a constitution and canons made their report. The articles offered were based on those of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but with important modifications. The ninth was somewhat amended, so that as finally adopted it reads thus: "Nothing calculated to teach, either directly or symbolically, that the Christian ministry has a sacerdotal character, or that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, shall ever be allowed in the worship of this Church, nor shall any communion-table be constructed in the form of an altar." After the adoption of the constitution the Convention proceeded to the consideration of the canons. Several of these were adopted at the evening session of the first day.

On the second day the Council finished the consideration of the proposed canons. That as to vestry-men and wardens as finally adopted is in these words: "The wardens and deputies shall be chosen from among the communicants, and when practicable the vestry-men also; in any case the wardens, vestry-men, and deputies shall be men of unimpeachable moral character." The terms of a fraternal union with the Free Church of England were agreed upon. It was decided to omit the passage, "He descended into hell," from the Apostles' Creed. The Nicene Creed was adopted without change.


FRENZENY & TAVERNIER
T. Johnson

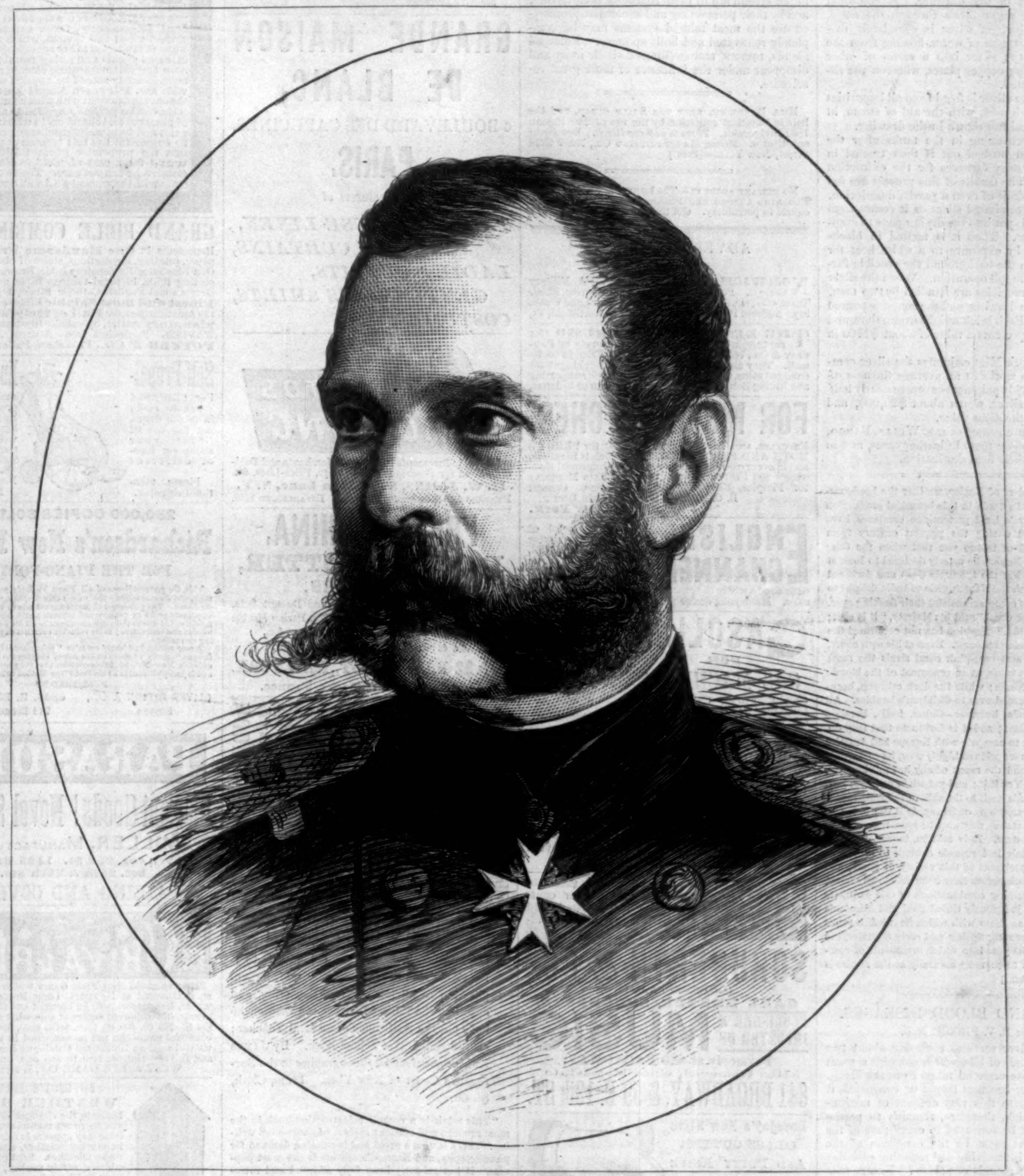
A PRAIRIE WIND-STORM.—DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.—[SEE PAGE 461.]

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Alexander II. is one of the most enlightened and liberal rulers who ever wore the Russian crown. Succeeding to imperial power on the death of his father, **Nicholas** I., at a time of gloom and disaster to the empire, he began his reign by inaugurating a series of important reforms designed to elevate the character of the people and to promote commercial prosperity. On the return of peace, one of the first steps was the reduction of the army to the lowest limits compatible with the safety and dignity of the empire; the second was the emancipation of the serfs. In 1861 an imperial ukase liberated 23,000,000 of human beings from bondage, under certain necessary conditions. A period of two years was assigned for the settlement of terms with regard to the quantity of land to be ceded, and the rent, labor, or purchase-money to be paid for it. In 1864 the same boon was conferred upon the Polish serfs. As regards education, great efforts were made to place the state colleges on a level with the best institutions of the kind in Europe. A still more notable reform was the inauguration of elective representative assemblies in the provinces.

Since the disastrous events in the Crimea Russia has had two successful wars, one against the Ameer of Bokhara, 1866–68, and the other the recent expedition against Khiva. During the siege of Paris by the Germans the Czar declared that he no longer considered himself bound by those provisions of the treaty of 1856 which limited his rights in the Black Sea. This led to the conference held in London at the beginning of 1871, when the treaty was modified in accordance with the wishes of the Czar.

Alexander was born on the 29th of April, 1818, during the reign of his uncle, **Alexander** I. He married, in 1841, **Marie-Alexandrovna**, Princess of Hesse, by whom he has had a large family. He has twice narrowly escaped assassination. The Czar is now in England, on a visit to Queen **Victoria**, to whose son, the Duke of Edinburgh, his daughter, the Grand Duchess **Marie**, was recently married.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

A PRAIRIE WIND-STORM.

Our illustration on page 460 represents an incident frequently witnessed on the great plains of the far West—a party of emigrants seeking shelter from one of those fearful storms of wind that, like the simoom of the African deserts, burst upon the traveler almost without warning. The bright sunny sky changes in an instant, on the horizon line, to the most intense black; the dark cloud rises like a wall, and advances with a rapidity and uproar that threaten overwhelming destruction. Experienced Western men know the danger of these sudden storms, and when overtaken by one hasten for shelter to some ravine or gully, where the force of the wind will be less perceptible.

The party in our drawing have left the road and entered one of these ravines, which fortunately abound in the prairies, where they may remain sheltered until the storm has spent its fury. Emigrants unfamiliar with the sudden changes of weather on the great plains, and heedless of the warnings of the experienced, have sometimes braved the violence of these storms, and paid the penalty of foolhardiness with their lives. The months of March, April, October, and November are the ones most to be dreaded for these sudden tempests.

SMELTING ORE IN COLORADO.

The subject of our double-page drawing is the works of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company at Black-Hawk, Colorado. The visitor to this little mining town, buried in deep ravines, surrounded by rugged mountains, is struck with surprise to find an extensive establishment, where the most intricate metallurgical processes are carried on.

The company owning this establishment is composed mainly of Boston capitalists, and was organized by N. P. **Hill**, formerly Professor of Chemistry in Brown University. The works were built in the spring of 1867, and since that time have been in constant and successful operation under the management of Professor **Hill**.

Previous to the starting of this enterprise the ores of Colorado were treated only by the stamping and amalgamating process, by which, especially from the richer ores, not more than half the noble metals were saved. By smelting, as conducted at these works, not only the gold and silver, but the baser metals, such as lead and copper, are extracted. Since the commencement of operations over forty thousand tons of ore from the mines of Colorado have been reduced, yielding several millions of dollars in gold and silver.

The ore comes from the mine in large pieces, and first goes to the crusher, or Cornish rollers, where it is broken in pieces the size of pease. It is then sampled and assayed to determine its value. It then goes to the calcining floors. On these floors the ores are exposed to a gradually increasing heat, which is obtained by moving the whole mass from the lower part of the floor toward the seat of the fire. The ores are charged on the part of the floor most remote from the fire every eight hours, a ton at each charge. In this operation the sulphur is converted into sulphurous acid, and escapes into the chimneys. The base metals are changed from sulphurets into oxides, when the ore is ready for the smelting furnace.

A large portion of the ores contains so much sulphur that it can be calcined without the aid of fuel. A thin layer of wood, sufficient to ignite the ore, is laid upon the ground, and about one hundred tons of ore piled upon it. The wooden chimneys, as shown in the drawing, are for the purpose of igniting the wood in the centre of the pile, which is done by throwing down burning charcoal. The layer of wood is consumed in about twelve hours, when the ore is thoroughly ignited, and burns for about two months. The result obtained in this process is the same as that on the calcining floors.

From the calcining floors or the roasting yard the ore goes to the smelting furnaces. Of these the establishment has three, each having a capacity for smelting about twelve tons a day. The charges contain three tons, and remain in the furnace about eight hours at a full white heat. When brought to a perfectly liquid state the quartz and iron and other base metal form a slag and come to the surface; the copper and lead combined with sulphur, coming with them, the gold and silver separate perfectly from the slag, constituting what is known as matte, and sink to the bottom. Our drawing shows the skimming of the slags, and at the same time the tapping of the furnace on the left-hand side, where the matte flows out into sand moulds. The weight of the matte is about one-twentieth of the original ore.

After the smelting into matte comes a series of more intricate operations in liberating the gold and silver from their compounds with the base metals. The establishment represented in our drawing is the only one in the United States where this process is applied for the extraction of gold and silver. Swansea, in Wales, has two and Germany three establishments of this kind. This branch of the business is superintended by Mr. Richard Pearce, whose experience in conducting a similar work in Swansea for eight years made him a thorough master of the business.

The matte is reduced to an impalpable powder, and then taken to the matte calciners, where it is kept for several hours at a low red heat, and constantly stirred. Several chemical changes take place, and the silver is reduced to a soluble sulphate, while the gold is unchanged. This is one of the most difficult and delicate of operations. It requires the utmost skill and care to insure good results.

The calcined matte is put in tubs, shown in the upper part of our drawing. A continual stream of hot water filters through the mass, until the sulphate of silver is completely dissolved. The stream of water flowing from the tanks carries the silver into a series of other tanks, containing copper plates, whereon the silver is precipitated.

After this the silver is freed from all impurities by washing with acid, with the aid of steam, in the large conical tub shown in the drawing.

The mass remaining in the tanks after the silver has been washed out is then treated in small reverberatory furnaces for the extraction of the gold. The details of this process are too numerous to admit of even a partial description.

The pure precipitated silver as it comes from the tub-rooms is put into the drying-pans to evaporate the water. Then it is melted in black-lead crucibles by exposure to a white heat for two hours. In the background the crucible furnace is shown in full operation. When the silver is melted, the crucibles are handled by two men, as shown in the drawing, and the contents poured into moulds. Each brick weighs over a thousand ounces, and represents a value of about $1400 in gold.

The New York Mint estimates the silver coming from these works at an average fineness of 995. The weekly shipments average nearly half a ton of fine silver, worth about $20,000, and gold of about the same value.

The bricks are turned over to Wells, Fargo, & Co., who inclose them in leather cases, and so send them to their final destination.

The coral dealers of Naples, whither the headquarters of the world's trade in this beautiful production of one of Nature's least pretentious creatures have been transferred during the present century from France, are fond of telling you that when the Czar Nicholas visited Naples, he utterly declined to look at any coral at all but the intensely deep and dark red variety with which the Nautch girls of India delight to set off their olive complexions and their flashing eyes. "As for that pink coral," said his Majesty, "it is sick; I prefer the healthy." Fashion has not confirmed the ukase of the Russian autocrat. Even at his own court, to-day, the pale soft rose-pink coral rivals the most precious gems in value, as an ornament of the blonde beauties of the North; while the dark crimson, beautiful as it is, is turned over to Children's baubles. All the Oriental lands, however—China, India, Persia—agree with the Czar; and it is fortunate that they do. For if they were to compete with Europe and America for the rose-pink we prize so highly now, its cost would soon put it beyond the reach of any but millionaires. It is dear enough as it is; and yet when one sees how exquisitely it lends itself to the skill of the artistic jeweler, as at the warerooms of Starr & Marcus, No. 22 John Street (up stairs), may now be seen, it can hardly be thought too dear. It is seldom, indeed, that one house out of Italy is fortunate enough to secure so many perfect specimens of this variety of coral; and never in New York before have such deliciously fresh, unique, and charming combinations of this exquisite substance with judiciously tinted gold and diamonds been exhibited as those with which Starr & Marcus now meet the coming Spring and early Summer, the one season of the year into which ornaments of rose-pink coral seem to come as naturally as the rosebuds themselves.—[*Com.*]

LIVER AND BLOOD DISEASES.

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D.

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood, and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and can not long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical centre of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthfully. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs can not escape becoming effected, sooner or later, and we have as the result costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or bad taste in mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system—set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions, which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery, with very small doses daily of my Pleasant Purgative Pellets, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

Kill Dandruff, keep the Scalp clean, and the hair in beautiful condition by the use of The Phalon Hair Invigorator. *There is nothing like it.* Beware of substitutes. Morse Manufacturing Co., No. 9 Gold Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

No mistake about it.—The Improved Phalon Night Blooming Cereus and Phalon White Rose have no equals in perfumery. Get the genuine.—[*Com.*]

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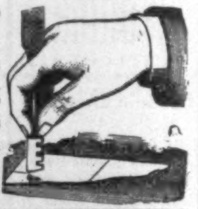

Lovejoy's New Style
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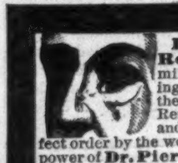

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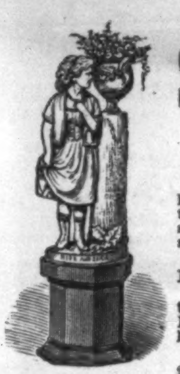

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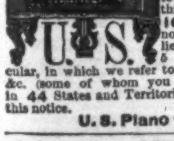

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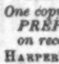

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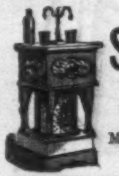

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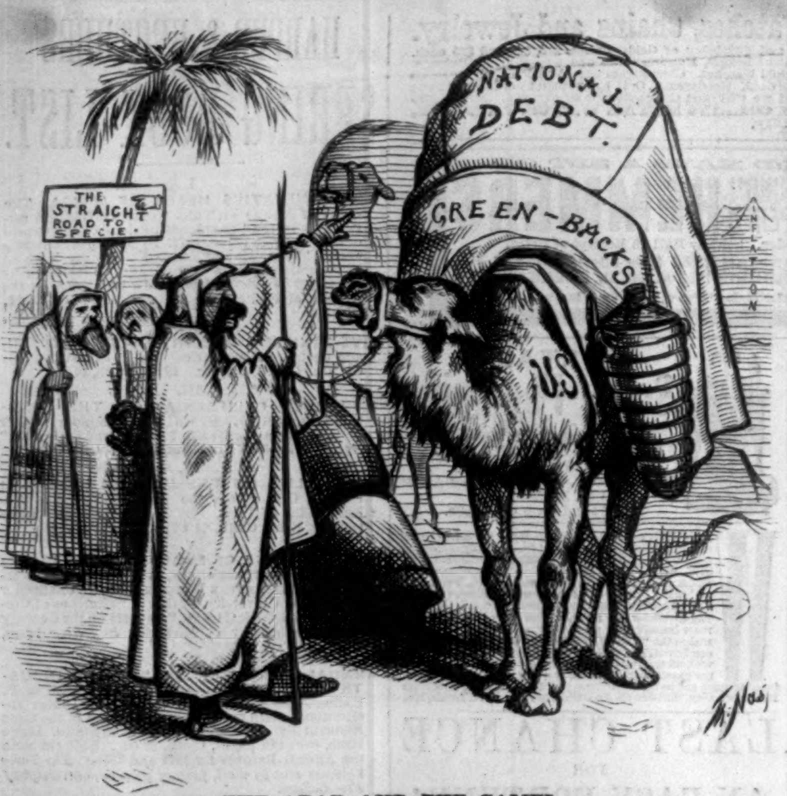

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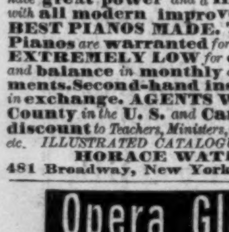

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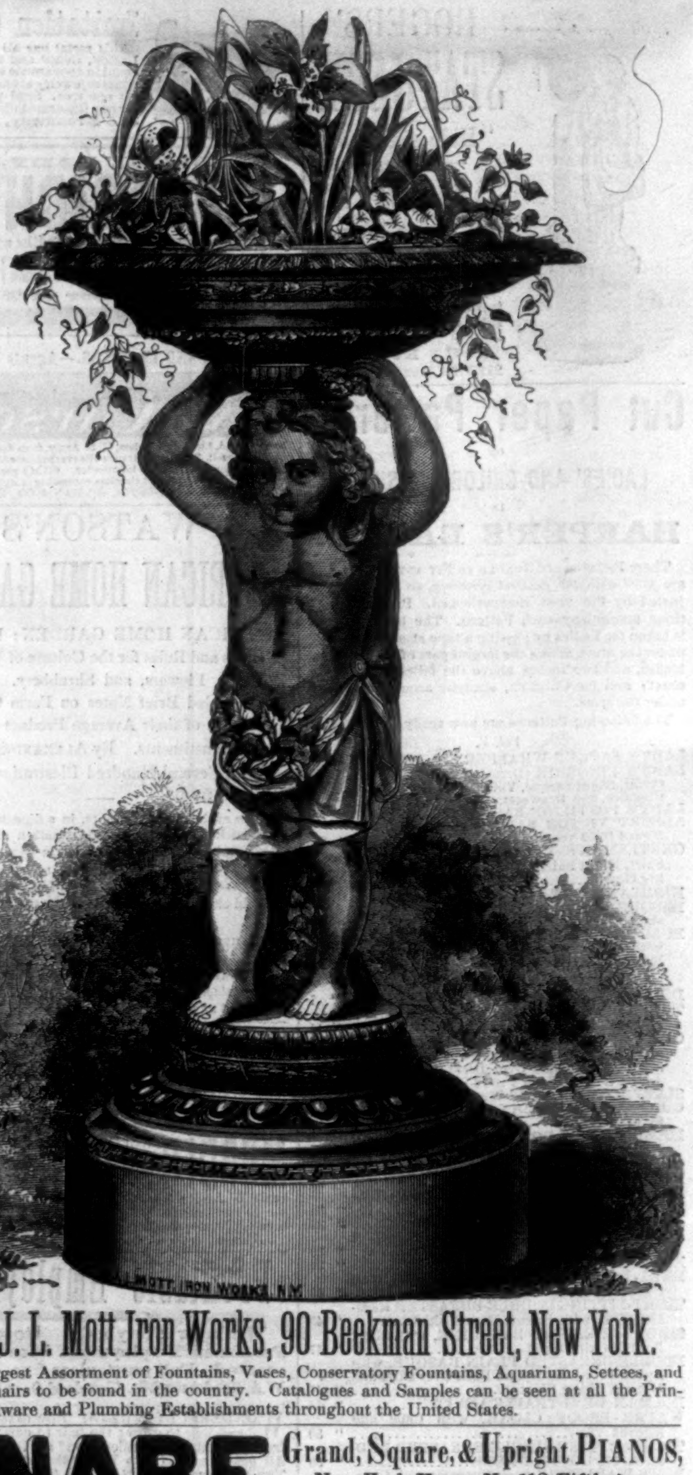
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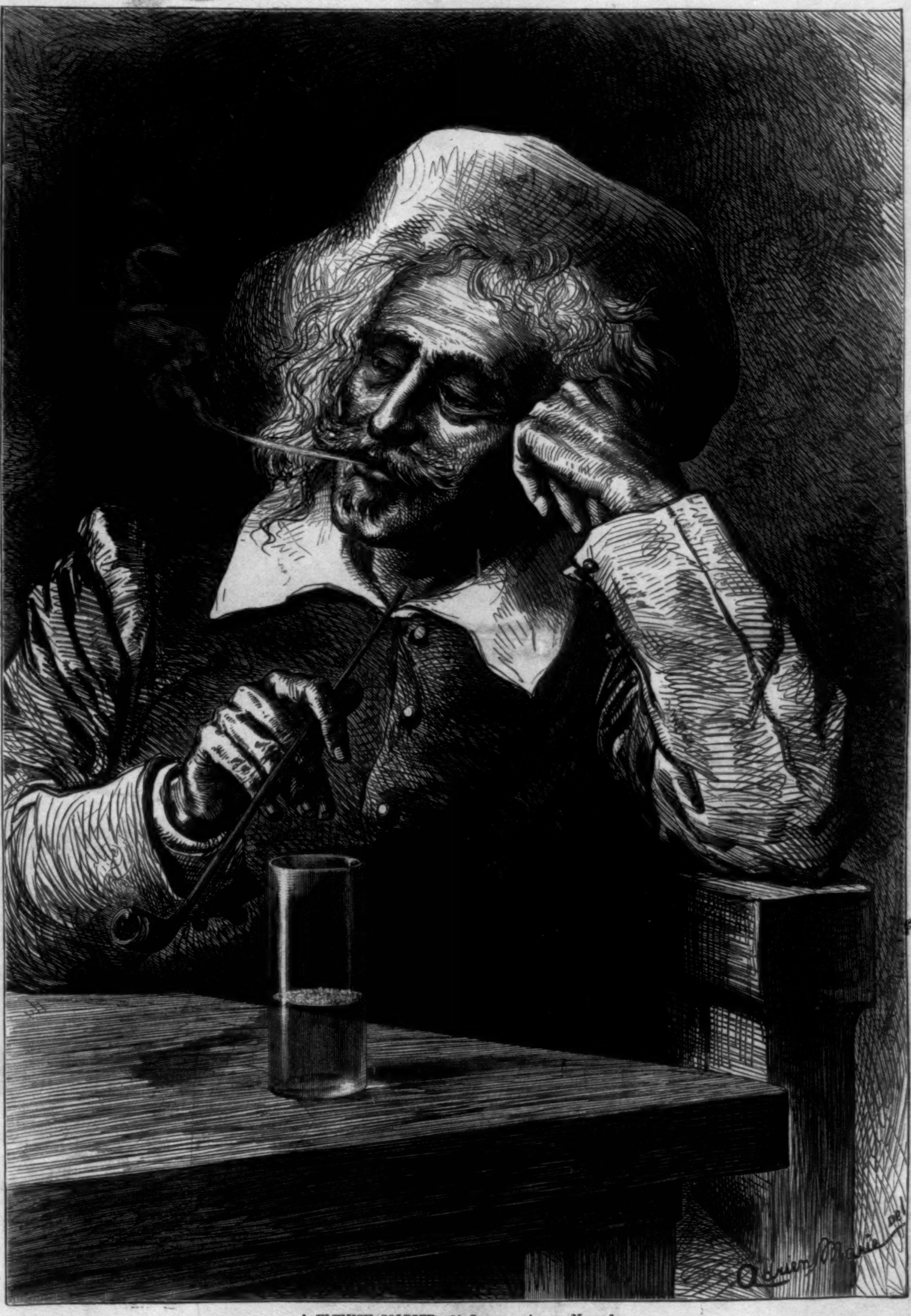
A FLEMISH SOLDIER.

When, according to Uncle Toby, "our soldiers swore terribly in Flanders," it is not unlikely the temper of the English was a little excited by the demeanor of some of those phlegmatic warriors with whom they came in contact. The mercenaries who helped the English in the great wars were often enough provocative of British spleen; and though many of them were good comrades enough, and had fought till their wrinkled faces scarcely bore more seams than represented each a battle, they had an irritating way with them, as men must have who are accustomed to fight only for pay, and to hire out their arms to the leader who will take them where most crowns are to be earned in exchange for hard knocks. Yet there had been men among those old Flemish regiments who knew what it was to fight for a cause, and to take up the sword for conscience' sake—old soldiers, who could tell strange tales of the times when their forefathers fought at Haarlem, and **William** the Silent wore the easy surtout and the wide-flapped corded hat of the "Beggars" who made the Dutch Republic.

It is such a representative Fleming who appears in **Adrien Marie**'s characteristic picture, reproduced in our engraving. The high narrow forehead; the calm, fearless demeanor, which could be stirred to defiance by "a choleric word;" the sunburned, lean, furrowed face; the long regular features, with their thoughtful expression; the deliberate puff with which the intermittent whiff from the old-fashioned, straight-stemmed tobacco-pipe is emitted from the thin lips; the air and attitude of the hero over his tall glass of thin ale—are characteristic and suggestive as a study which has about it something historical, and does not altogether lack the romantic element inseparable from a true work of art.



A FLEMISH SOLDIER.—[A STUDY BY ADRIEN MARIE.]

MOUNT ARARAT.

One of our illustrations on page 468 represents the Mount Ararat—there are several high mountains in Asia bearing that name—which is reputed to be the one on whose summit, according to the Scriptural account, **Noah**'s ark rested when the waters of the great flood began to subside, the Ararat of Armenia. It rises majestically to the height of 13,000 feet above the surrounding plains, which are themselves 4000 feet above the level of the sea. It is cone-shaped, and so light and pure is the atmosphere of Armenia that even its upper summit is rarely concealed by clouds. Once it was supposed to have a double peak, but recent surveys have shown that the second mountain or peak, as seen in our illustration, is full twelve miles distant from the true summit, and it is now called the Lesser Ararat. The mountain is enthusiastically described by travelers. **Smith** and **Dwight**, in their *Researches in Armenia*, remark that in no part of the world had they seen any mountain whose imposing appearance could plead half so powerfully as this a claim to the honor of having once been the stepping-stone between the old world and the new. Sir B. **Ker Porter** writes: "It appeared as if the hugest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other to form this one sublime immensity of earth and rocks and snow. The icy peaks of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. My eye, not able to rest for any length of time upon the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mists of the horizon, when an irrepressible impulse immediately carrying my eye upward again, refixed my gaze upon the awful glare of Ararat." To the same effect **Morier** writes: "Nothing can be more beautiful than its shape, more awful than its height. All the surrounding mountains sink into insignificance when compared to it. It is perfect in all its parts; no hard rugged feature, no unnatural prominences; every thing is in harmony, and all combines to render it one of the sublimest objects in nature."

The honor of being the first to reach the summit of Mount Ararat belongs to the German traveler Dr. **Parrot**, in 1829. Several previous attempts had been made, but few persons had got beyond the line of perpetual snow. The French traveler **Tournefort**, in 1700, long persevered in the face of many difficulties, but was foiled in the end. About a century later the Pasha of Bayazid undertook the ascent, with no better success. Dr. **Parrot**, who was in the employment of the Russian government, made two unsuccessful attempts before he and his party finally reached the summit. They found it to be a slightly convex, almost circular, platform, about two hundred feet in diameter, composed of eternal ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. **Parrot** surmised that the ark might have rested in the depression between the greater and the lesser peaks.

The region immediately below the limit of perpetual snow is waste and dreary, and unvisited by bird or beast. The solitude and silence that reign there are described as overwhelming. Arguri, the only village known to have been built on its slopes, marks the spot where, according to tradition, **Noah** planted his vineyard. Lower down in the plain of Araxes is Nakhchevan, where the patriarch is reputed to have been buried.

There is nothing but popular traditions to connect Mount Ararat with the resting-place of the ark after the flood. Scholars have long since pointed out the fact that the name nowhere occurs in Scripture as that of a mountain, but only as the name of a country, now conceded to be Armenia, upon the "mountains" of which the ark rested, and we possess no historical data for fixing on any one of the numerous mountains in that region as the scene of that event. It is now supposed by scholars that the ark grounded on one of the lower peaks of the chain of mountains encircling that region. This supposition best accords with the nature of the circumstances, and does not conflict with the language of the Scriptural account. If this supposition be correct, then, for any thing that appears to the contrary, the ark did not touch the earth until the waters were abated to a level with the lower valleys or plains, and consequently the inmates were not left upon a dreary elevation of 16,000 feet, never till of late deemed accessible to human footsteps, and their safe descent from which, along with all the "living creatures" committed to their care, would have been a greater miracle than their deliverance from the flood.

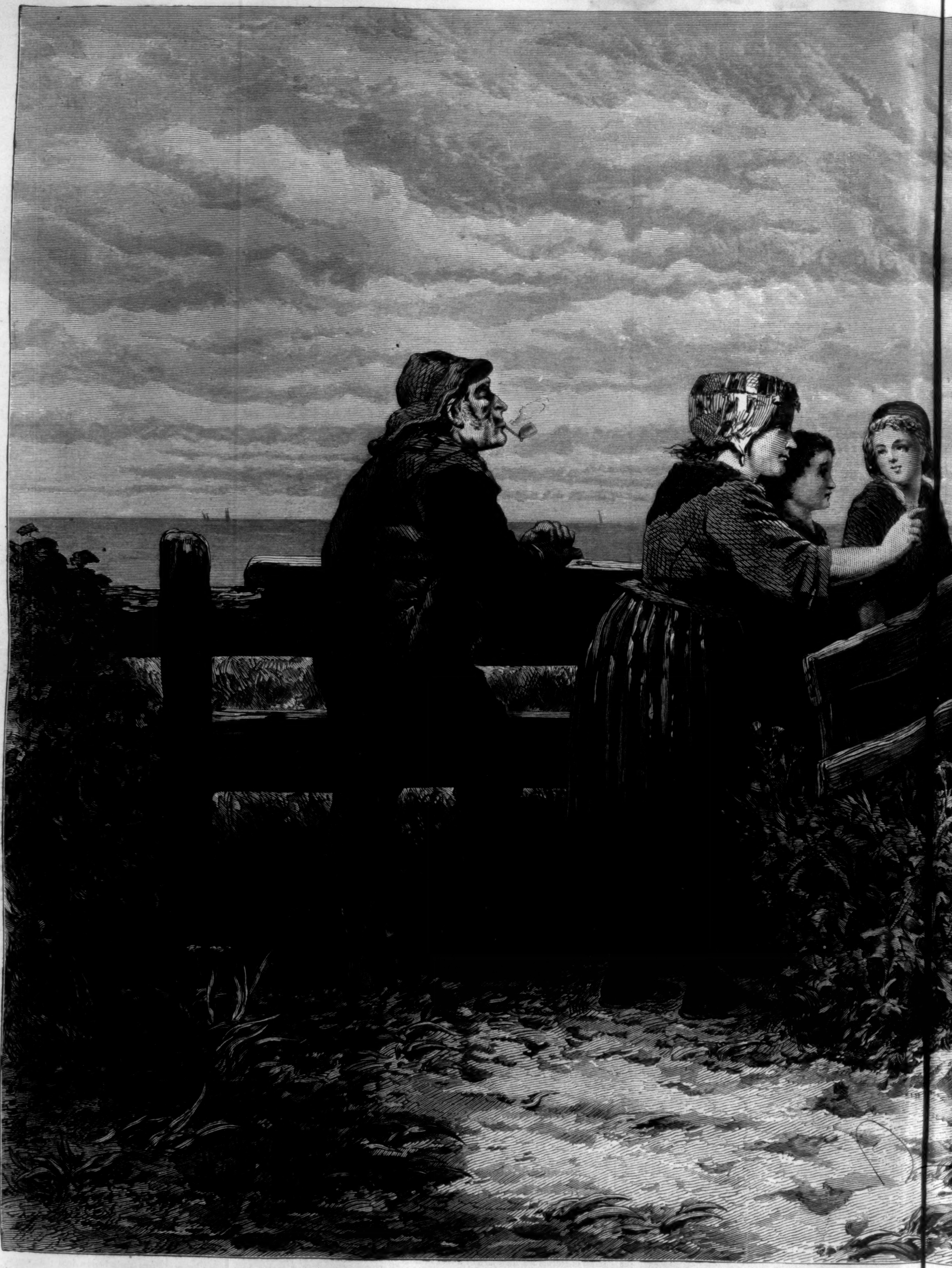
The ancients, however, attached a peculiar sacredness to the tops of high mountains, and hence the tradition was early propagated that the ark rested on some such lofty prominence. The oldest tradition fixed on one of the chain of mountains which separates Armenia on the south from Mesopotamia. This opinion prevailed among the Chaldeans. **Josephus** mentions a tradition that the remains of the ark were to be found on a mountain in Armenia, and that the people used to carry off pieces of the bitumen to be worn as amulets. The wood of the ark was also used as a charm against disease.

The general result of modern investigations seems to be that, while no particular mountain can be pointed out as the resting-place of the ark after the subsidence of the flood, the elevation of the Armenia plateau would make it the natural scene of that event, while its geographical position and its physical character would secure an impartial distribution of the families of mankind to the various quarters of the world. The climate would furnish a powerful inducement to seek the more tempting regions on all sides of it. At the same time, the character of the vegetation was especially adapted to the nomad state in which we may conceive the early generations of **Noah**'s descendants to have lived.

The sketch from which our picture of Mount Ararat is engraved was made on the spot by Mr. F. C. **Lewis**.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

In Europe nation differs from nation rather by shades and degrees than by contrast. The French affect onions, the Spanish garlic, and the Welshmen leeks. The Chinese run in a sort of parallel of violent opposites. As an example, the European has decided that ministers of religion should wear a costume, and that it should be black; Chinese also agree that their priests shall wear a distinctive habit, but it must be bright yellow. Europeans signify their mourning for their dead by putting on black raiments; Chinese lament their ancestors by donning garments of white. Like ourselves, the Chinese make the one mighty fact of death of stringent importance, but the inevitable act of dying they regard as of little moment. The consequent funeral operations outvie our own absurdities in that line to a pitch which, to our mind, approaches lunacy, and pluming ourselves greatly upon our superior enlightenment, we are apt to overlook that it is little more than contrast. They believe, like Christians, in the resurrection of the body, and they hold that belief in so determined a manner that they absolutely take more precautions for the preservation of the body when dead than when alive; and the money and care lavished upon the inanimate clay, bones, or dust are frequently the result of the deprivation of the living. Many a Chinese will expend his last farthing and go supperless to his mat rather than not light the evening joss-candle upon his little altar in honor of his defunct relatives. In the method of the ceremonial of dying they differ *in toto* from us. Whereas we feel it incumbent to surround a death-bed with weeping friends and relatives, lawyers, doctors, and parson, the Chinese most ruthlessly abandon their dying, thrust them from their beds, drag them from their houses into the nearest open space they can find, where they have to expire alone as best they may, friends and neighbors keeping aloof until the last breath has been drawn.



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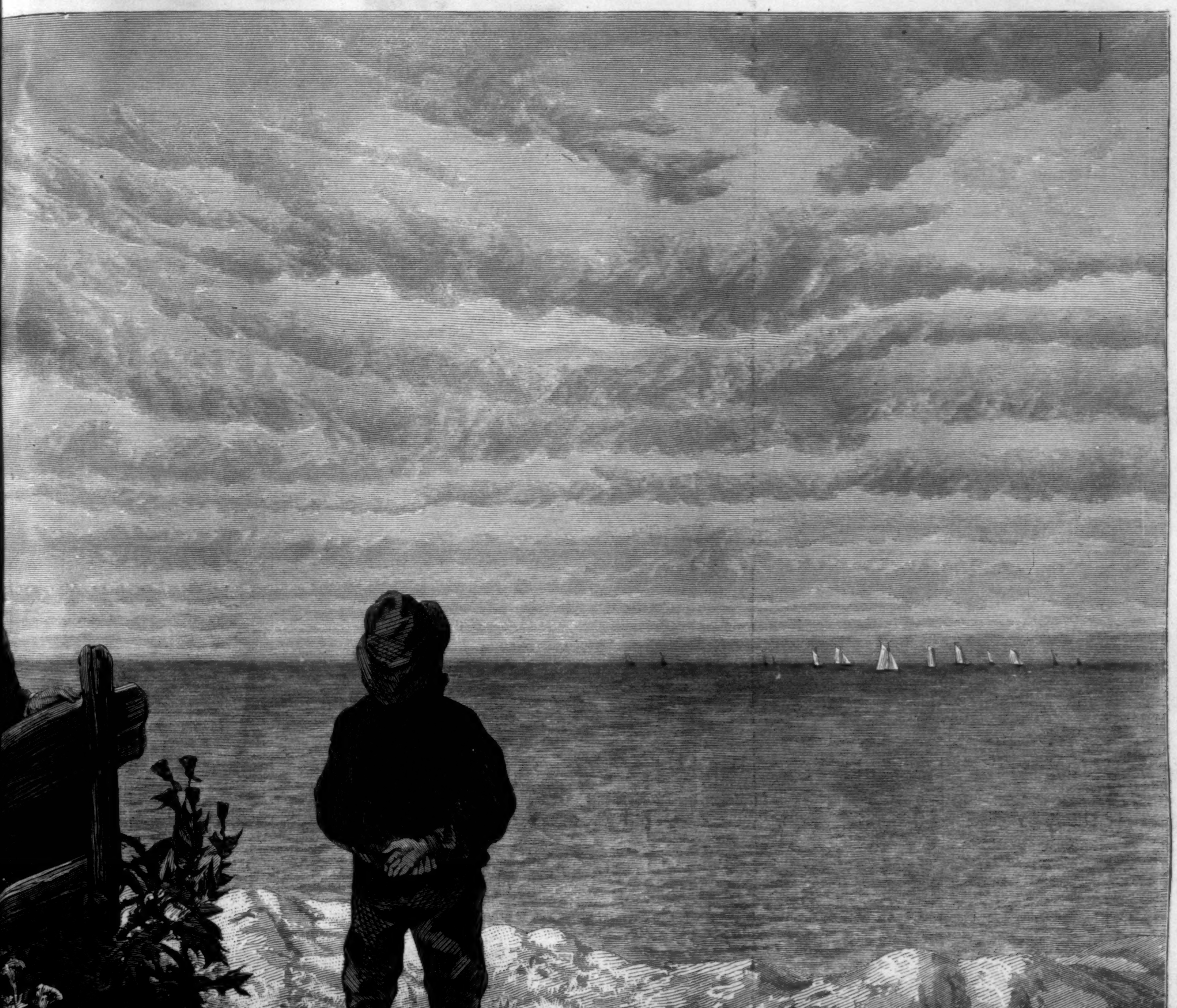

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